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MISS MOXTON FINDS HERSELF DISGUSTED.

For the Favorite.

HARD TO BEAT.

A DRAMATIC TALE, IN FIVE ACTS, AND A PROLOGUE.

BY J. A. PHILLIPS,
OF MONTREAL.

Author of "From Bad to Worse," "Out of the Snow," "A Perfect Fraud," &c.

ACT III.

DEAD.

SCENE IV.

MISS MOXTON FINDS HERSELF DISGUSTED.

Miss Howson was alone when the doctor arrived. Miss Moxton, who amongst other peculiarities had a perfect mania for walking, had gone for a constitutional, accompanied by Julia, who went under protest, and Mr. Howson was in his study looking over some new magazines; the parlor was, therefore free to the lovers, and they were nothing loth to enjoy the pleasures of a *l'été-à-l'été*.

The doctor soon managed to get himself forgiven for his apparent negligence. He pleaded that important business had called him out of town, but forgot to mention what the business was or where it had called him, and Miss Howson was so well pleased to have him with her that she did not press him very closely with questions.

She informed him of what had passed between Charlie Morton and herself, and he bit his lip with vexation as she said that Morton had half promised to use his influence with her father to gain his consent to her marriage.

"Annie," he said, half-sternly, "I don't want Charlie Morton's interference or assistance; I think I am quite able to manage my own affairs without his help, and I am sorry you spoke to him at all about our engagement."

"But, Harry how much longer is our engagement to be kept secret. I want it known as soon as possible; there is no use being engaged unless the other girls know it."

Dr. Griffith was not in quite so great a hurry to proclaim his engagement as Miss Howson appeared to be. Somehow a thought of that lovely grave in Longueuil would recur to him, and he felt as if he would prefer that a little more time elapsed before he took to himself another wife; yet he did not let Miss Howson fancy that he was not as anxious as herself to proclaim their engagement, so he said:

"I think to-morrow will end our concealment. I have paid more attention to your father of late, and I think I can venture to ask

him for you now with a reasonable chance of success. Yes, to-morrow I shall ask him for you, Annie, and if he refuses his consent we must—"

"Do without it," whispered Miss Howson. "Oh, Harry, I hope papa won't force me to it, but I'd run away with you to-morrow night, if you asked me."

"Then I do ask you. Promise me that if your father refuses his consent you will elope with me to-morrow night. We can easily arrange the details without exciting any suspicion; the train leaves for Toronto at eight o'clock, you can take a walk with your aunt about half-past seven; it will not be very difficult to induce her to walk in the direction of the depot; I will meet you there and before she can recover from her surprise we will be far beyond pursuit. I will try hard, darling,"—here he placed his arm around her waist,—"

"to gain your father's consent; only, should he refuse it let us carry out our plan." Miss Howson's head had gradually drooped towards his shoulder until it finally rested on it; her face was raised to his, and bright, happy tears stood in her eyes:

"I'll go with you, Harry, anywhere you ask me," she threw one arm round his neck and held her lips up to be kissed.

Of course he kissed them; they were warm, sweet, kissable lips and it would have needed the soul of an anchorite to resist the temptation; there was no show of resistance, and he kissed her again and again, getting more and more determined to win her with or without her father's consent.

"Well, I'm disgusted," exclaimed a hard, cold, clear voice, and the astonished pair saw the rigid figure of Miss Moxton standing before them. "Annie, I'm ashamed of you, as for you, sir, it's a shame, a perfect shame," and the flexible nose went up and the angular figure drew itself more pointedly together.

The fact was that Miss Moxton's pedestrian predilections had not been thoroughly gratified, and she had been forced to return home somewhat summarily; Miss Julia had obstinately refused to walk the many miles Miss Moxton had purposed to travel, and had resolutely set her face towards home; this placed Miss Moxton in a dilemma; propriety forbade that Julia should walk home alone; propriety also forbade that Miss Moxton should continue her walk unattended, and while propriety was thinking the matter over, Julia was obstinately walking towards home; it did not take Miss Moxton long to discover that she had the worst of the position, and to induce her to accompany Julia, and so it chanced that returning long before she was expected, and entering without any noise, Miss Moxton found Miss Howson in her lover's arms.

"I assure you, Miss Moxton," said Dr. Griffith, starting up; "I assure you that—"

"Never mind your assurance, sir," replied Miss Moxton, in her most severe, and acid tones, and with an extra upturn of the flexible nose. "I see you have assurance enough and to spare; but I think it is only proper that Mr. Howson

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THE IRISH EMIGRANT'S LOVE.

BY ALFRED PERCEVAL GRAVES.

In pensive thought she passed the church,
And up the sunny woodland came,
Until she found the silver birch
Where long ago he carved her name.
And "Oh!" she sighed, as soft she kissed
With loving lips that gentle tree,
"Alone, alone I keep the trust—
O love, my love, return to me!"

"Return! Columbia's realm afar,
Where year by year your feet delay,
We cannot match for sun and star,
By silver night or golden day;
Yet here the levin flashes dire
Alarm not off, we never know
Her awful rushing forest fire,
The silent horror of her snow.

"Her birds are brighter far of wing,
A richer lustre lights her flowers;
But still they say no bird can sing,
Or blossom breathe, as sweet as ours.
Her people's heart is wise and bold,
Her borders beautiful and free;
But, oh! the New is not the Old—
Come back to Ireland, love—and me!"

THE BITER BIT.

A pleasant place in the cool winter days of early June is the Rua Direita at Rio Janeiro—now re-christened, "Rua do I. da Marco," in memory of the last days of Paraguayan Lopez, the *bête noire* of every patriotic Brazilian. (In Brazil, the height of Summer falls in January, and the depth of Winter in July. The most agreeable season is about the end of May.) Straight, wide, well-paved, containing the two principal hotels, and terminated by the palace at one end and the custom-house at the other, the "Straight street" certainly merits its renown as the Oxford street of Rio de Janeiro, though it must be owned that Regent street is very inadequately represented by its offshoot, the Rua do Ouvidor. On a fine afternoon (and very few are otherwise than fine in this glorious climate), the panorama of this great thoroughfare is not a whit inferior to that of its picturesque namesake, "the street which is called Straight," in Damascus. Teams of mules drawing queer-looking passenger-cars, whose open sides, guarded by ribs of wood, make them look like the skeletons of carved omnibuses; barefooted costermongers, staggering under fruits for which Covent Garden has no name; companies of soldiers in dark-blue jackets and white trousers, black men and white men being mingled in the ranks like a half-played game of chess; lean, rat-like Brazilians, with clean shirts and dirty faces, doing nothing in as many different ways as possible; brawny English sailors, looking at everything and everybody with an air of grand, indulgent contempt; sun-burned peddlers, clicking their little sticks together in place of a cry; stalwart negroes in white jackets, holding a plaiting society on the steps of the great church; (straw plaiting seems to be the Brazilian negro's forte. In every street I entered in Rio there were at least a score of blacks thus employed;) and solemn Padres, melting under the oppression of their enormous hats and trailing robes of black serge.

Such is the panorama which I survey from the steps of the Nova York Hotel, on a fine morning in the beginning of June. An hour ago, I returned from a ten-mile march up and down the encircling hills—despatched a breakfast which excited the admiration of my stolid landlord—and am now, with an Englishman's proverbial good sense, preparing to start on another and a much longer march, in the very hottest part of the day. Twenty miles of broken ground—a temperature of seventy-two in the shade—a fair chance of broken neck or a *coup de soleil*—what more can the heart of a British pedestrian desire? I am still gloating over this alluring prospect, when a deep voiced breaks in upon my reflections.

"Senhor, can you kindly tell me the way to the Passport Office?"

The speaker's Portuguese is sufficiently grammatical, but his accent is unmistakably foreign, and a single glance suffices to tell me his nationality. There is no mistaking that firm, open, honest German face, still fresh with the healthy freshness of the Fatherland—very pleasant to look upon amid the sallow unwholesome visages of Rio, which, whether judged by the looks or by the morals of its people, may fitly be classed with the cities of the *Plain*. The fair hair, the clear blue eye, the short pipe hanging down upon the chin, the honest, sun-burned countenance, the homely cleanliness, and sturdy self-reliant bearing, all carry me back to the day when, thousands of miles hence, I first saw the component atoms of the great Teutonic race silently fulfilling their appointed work, with that quiet resolution, that steady obedience, that dogged uncompromising exactness which paved the way for Sadowa and Sedan. Equally characteristic are the spotless linen and bright, cheery, well-filled-out visage of the trim little matron beside him, holding in her arms, with a smile of true motherly pride, a sturdy two-year-old, whose appearance is quite a relief after that of the poor little mosquitoes that are here called by courtesy "children." I believe me of the look with which the biographer of Frederick the Great said to me, a few months

ago: "The future of Germany is the future of Europe," and inwardly wish that he were here to look upon these choice specimens of his well-beloved people.

"Are you long from home, my friend?" asked I in German.

"Ach, mein Herr! you speak German!" cried the man with a sudden grin of rejoicing. "Praise be to God! It is long, very long since we left Germany—eighteen months at the least! and now we are but just returned from the River Plate, and know not a soul in the town! I am right glad to hear the good old tongue; for, see you, this Portuguese is just like thin soup—there's not enough in a whole sentence to fill your mouth properly!"

"But now, thank God? we are going home to our own country and our own people," chimed in his wife, holding up her *kleine Wilhelm* for me to look at; "and, of my free will, we shall never leave it again. Hearest thou, Friedrich? never again!"

Friedrich laughs good-humoredly, and gives a side glance at me, as if to say: "She will have her way, you see!"

"Well, I'll tell you what, my good people," resume I, "you mayn't be able to find your way very easily, and this passport work is a troublesome business at best; so, perhaps, I had better just go with you, and see you through it all."

"You're very kind, mein Herr," says the man, visibly relieved by the offer. "Lisbeth, my pet, some along; the Herr is so good as to show us the way."

The little woman thanks me with a bright smile, and away we trudge along a road which I have traversed once too often already. The passport system is nominally abolished in Brazil, but, like most "abolished" nuisances, it takes a wonderful deal of killing. To enter the country without a passport is easy enough, but you must always have one in order to leave it; the empire being in this respect very like an eel-pot—perfectly easy to get into, but rather difficult to get out of. On our arrival, we are beset by the usual vexatious delays, and the usual swarm of harpy understrappers, offering to remove them "for a consideration," as old Trap-bois would phrase it; but a judicious mixture of bullying and flattery (joined to the liberal use of three or four great names which have been courteously placed at my service) eventually carried the affair through, and Frederick Haussmann, Prussian subject, is committed to the fatherly care of all good official Christians, for his safe transmission to Germany, "with his lady and child."

"Now, then," suggest I, as we debouch again upon the Rua Direita, "let us have a cup of coffee together on the strength of having got everything settled."

The little Frau looks delighted; but Master Friedrich, whose tastes are more convivial than mine, moves an amendment. "Coffee's for those who can get nothing better," mein Herr, says he reprovingly; "let us have some beer!"

The tender emphasis laid upon this magic word is too much for me, and I assent at once. We turn into the great café at the corner of the Palace Square, and I order coffee for myself and a full measure of beer for my companion, who, under the influence of the great inspirer, waxes expansive.

"Mein lieber Herr," says he to me, "you've been very kind to me, and I should like to show you that I'm not ungrateful. I know that you English are fond of queer stories, and, if you like, I'll tell you one that you've seldom heard the like of."

With this exordium, Friedrich takes a pull of beer that would choke any man but a German, wipes his moustache with a grunt of intense relish, plants his elbow on the little marble table, and begins as follows:

"This thing that I'm going to tell you about, mein Herr, happened when we were a long way up the country, on a tributary of the Parana. It was rough work, especially for Lisbeth here (as for me, I got used to that sort of thing when I served in the Landwehr at home). Just a little hut, you know, big enough to put the bowl of one's pipe in—virgin forest all round, thick and tangled enough to hamper an elephant, or make an ant lose his way—the sun roasting you black by day, and the damp turning you yellow at night—nothing to eat but jerked beef, and that so tough that you might have hanged yourself with a thin slice of it. *Ach! Himmel!* how I used to long for a bit of good old German sausage and a can of beer! But, as the saying is, 'Crying won't mend a broken dish,' so I stood it out as best I might; and Lisbeth, she bore it all like a grenadier."

And here honest Friedrich, in the fullness of his heart, leans across the table and treats his wife to a resounding kiss on both cheeks, to the great amusement of the lookers-on; after which refreshment he proceeds with redoubled energy:

"I daresay you'll wonder, mein Herr, what the mischief possessed me to settle in such a place; but I wasn't such a fool as I looked, after all. You see, I had made the acquaintance of a Paraguayan fellow down in Rosario, who had got drunk one night when I was with him, and blabbed out some story of a *placen* (a gold deposit, you know) in a certain spot upon this river, a little above where it ran into the Parana. Well, the next morning, when he found he'd betrayed the secret, he was in a terrible taking; and the only way he could think of to mend matters was to get me for his partner, and go halves in whatever we found. He might have done worse, too, for it was a tough job, and I can do a good day's work when I like." And Friedrich, with pardonable complacency, lays

on the table a broad, brown sinewy hand, equally fit to handle spade or musket. "So away we went to the *placen*, and were as busy as bees for weeks together, shovelling, washing, sifting, cradling, and rocking all day long, till by evening I'd be as stiff and sore as if I were back again at school in the Friedrich-Strasse at Frankfurt-on-the-Oder, with old Martin Sprenger flogging me every day for bad grammar."

"Well, one evening I was sitting smoking my pipe under a big palm-royal that grew close to the hut, and enjoying my rest after the hard day's work I had had. Lisbeth was indoors, getting supper ready, and my partner was out somewhere or other, so I had it all to myself. It was bright moonlight, and I was just wondering how the old Friedrich-Strasse would be looking just about that time, when suddenly I heard a crashing and snapping among the bushes, and a man burst out of the thicket close to where I sat, running at full speed, with another man close upon his heels. Just as he passed me, the foremost fellow (whom I saw to be a negro) tripped over a root, and came smash down on his face; and before he could get to his feet again, the other man was upon him. There was a glitter in the moonlight, and then a stifled cry. The hound had stabbed him; but he didn't get much by it either, for my revolver was out already (you soon learn to be smart with your weapons in those parts), and I shot him dead as old Vater Fritz."

Frau Haussmann gives a slight shudder, but her husband proceeds with the unimpaired complacency of a man who has fully discharged his duties.

"Well, of course, the next thing I did was to look to the poor fellow who had been stabbed; but I saw at a glance that he was done for—there was death for ten men in such a stroke as he had got. I propped up his head, and made him as easy as I could; and he told me, as well as he could speak, that he was a runaway slave; that he had managed to steal a big diamond and escape, meaning to sell it down the river; but that this other fellow had found out the secret and given chase, and that was how it all happened. Then he puts his hand into the breast of his shirt, and fetches out an old rag, tightly twisted up, and all soaked with his blood, and puts it into my hand, saying 'Take it, for I shall never want it again; it's all the thanks I can give you!' And with that, mein Herr, there came a rattle in his throat, and he fell back dead; while at the same moment I saw a shadow flitting away among the trees, which, as the moonlight fell upon it, looked wonderfully like my precious partner."

"Now this was just what I didn't want; and when I saw it, I rather set me a-thinking. Diamonds don't grow on every tree down Paraguay; and I knew well enough that if I were ever suspected of having a jewel like that about me my life would be about as safe as a goose's neck between the teeth of a fox. So what was to be done? I walked slowly back to the hut; and when I got there who should I see but my partner, sitting by the fire, and looking as good as if he were in church. But just as I came in he threw a sharp, searching kind of look at me, just like a custom-house officer opening a big box; and then I felt sure that he knew all about it."

"Manoel," says I, "I've had rather a queer adventure. While I was sitting over there a man came running after another, and he caught him up and stabbed him; and I shot the one that did it, and the wounded fellow gave me this diamond in thanks. You see we Germans can do something after all," and with that I unrolled the rag and showed him the diamond.

"Lisbeth looked at me across the table with a look that said plainly enough: 'How can you be such a fool?' Manoel gave a wicked grin like a wolf over a dead horse; I saw that he thought me so uplifted by this adventure that I couldn't keep my own secret."

"Well," says he, "this is all very well; but what are we to do with it? If anybody gets scent of the thing our lives are not worth that!"

"Never you fear about that," answered I, "I'll put it where it won't be found in a hurry. Just you wait a minute," and I went into the inner room and brought out a little steel match-box, shutting with a spring, and the chain on which I carried my clasp-knife; and I unrolled the bag in which the diamond was, and rolled it up again tighter and gave it him to hold while I fixed the box on the chain. I saw him give it a pinch to make sure that the diamond was still inside, and although he tried to look very innocent, there was a twinkle in his eye which showed what he was thinking of. Well, I stowed it in the box, and put the chain round my neck, and Manoel got up and went out, saying that he would go to his hut and bring over a flask of aguardiente, and we'd have a jollification in honor of this lucky find. The minute he was gone, I said to my wife: "Now Lisbeth my pet, just you slip away to bed, and leave him and me to ourselves; there's not the least danger, believe me." She looked up in my face very long and wistfully, as if to ask whether I was not deceiving her; but seeing me begin to smile, she made sure it was all right, and she kissed me, and went off as quiet as a lamb."

"Well, back came Manoel with the liquor, and we fell to drinking. I knew well enough what he was at, and presently I pretended to have had too much, and began nodding and rolling about, as if I were fairly dropping off to sleep. At last I slipped right off my seat on the floor, and lay like a log. For a good quarter of an hour (a very long one to me) he sat watching me; and then I heard him steal over to the inner door, to listen if Lisbeth was asleep. He

nodded, as much as to say: "All right!" and then came and stooped down beside me. I felt his hot breath on my face, and one hand softly drawing out the chain (what was in the other hand I could easily guess), and I tell you, mein Herr, it seemed a century before that chain came off. At last he rose to his feet, and stole out. I lay for at least half an hour before I ventured to rise; but he was gone, safe enough. So the next morning, when we saw that he had really left the place, Lisbeth and I dug up our share of the gold, and started down the river to Buenos Ayres, where we sold the diamond and the gold-dust for twenty thousand Prussian thalers, with which we are now going home."

"And what on earth was it that he stole, then?" asked I in amazement.

"Well, nothing very valuable. When I unrolled the rag, I was holding between two of my fingers an imitation stone which I had taken out of my ring, and, you see, I had waxed the end of my thumb, so as to be able to take up the diamond while I dropped the other stone into its place—just a little sleight of hand, nothing more. But I don't think Manoel will call a German stupid again. Waiter, another glass of beer!"

ON THE BRINK.

"What! promise to marry you, and then have it boasted all over the place that you have conquered the heart of Belle Edgewood? No, indeed, Mr. Winsted, I don't aspire to that notoriety."

And the girl's beautiful lip curled haughtily. "But, Belle, I tell you this has been no mere flirtation on my part. I love you madly, truly, and if you refuse me, I'll—I'll—"

"Do nothing desperate, I hope. Ha! ha! what an actor you would make, Mr. Winsted! Really you have mistaken your calling, and should exchange your lawyer's briefs for the socks and buskin," cried Belle merrily.

"Belle!" and Paul Winsted's voice had a touch of sternness in it, despite his lover-like attitude—"Belle, you are cruel to mock me thus, and crueler still to keep me in suspense. I love you, provoking girl; and now answer me. Will you be my wife?"

Well, then, my answer is No, Mr. Winsted, I will not consent to marry you. I have heard too much of your manifold flirtations; and even if I loved you, I would not marry a man who is so notorious for his numerous lady-loves, and—for nothing else."

"Ha!" and his face flushed; "then your ideal of a husband is a hero?"

"Precisely, Mr. Winsted; but perhaps you do not understand the word as I mean it. I do not mean a melodramatic braggart, who boasts of what he has done and can do, but a man—honest, upright, noble—doing and daring all things for the right."

"Then, Miss Belle," and Paul Winsted straightened his stalwart form, and spoke in a cool, distant tone, "judging from your present opinion of me, I fear I shall never reach your high standard of perfection. Therefore, as I have heard your answer, I will go. Farewell;" and seizing his hat, he hastily left the room.

But oh, fickle woman! Hardly had the door closed behind his retreating form when Belle Edgewood, the haughty reigning beauty of the place, sprang to her feet, crying—

"Mr. Winsted! Paul, I did not—Gracious Heaven! what have I done? He is gone—and I—oh, I have lost him for ever—wicked, hateful girl that I am!"

And she sank back upon the sofa with a burst of tears.

"Why, Paul Winsted, you look as glum as a basket of chips. What ails you, man?" cried Phil Denham, as he encountered the former.

Well, Phil, I own I am feeling rather out of sorts. The fact is—between you and me, remember—I've been jilted."

"Whew!"

And Phil gave a low, incredulous whistle.

"Paul Winsted the invincible jilted by mortal woman! What will happen next, I wonder? But come, old fellow, out with it. I'm all curiosity."

"Then, unfortunately—for your peace of mind, you'll have to remain in that anxious state, for I assure you I have not the slightest idea of indulging you with a history of my woes."

And despite his own irritation, he laughed at his friend's look of blank disgust.

"What! not even tell me the fair one's name?" exclaimed Phil, at last, with some indignation.

"No, sir, not even the lady's name."

"Well, then," continued the irrepressible Phil, after a moment's pause, "if you won't take a fellow into your confidence, perhaps your august highness will condescend to go a-fishing. What say?"

Say! why, I say I'm with you, and the sooner we start the better. 'Twill 'drive dull care away,' at all events; and besides, I know of a lovely, quiet little spot a short distance from here where we can spend a pleasant morning, I think."

"All right," replied Phil; "get on your fishing rig, and I'll attend to the tackle. Hurry, for it's getting rather late, and we shall not, as it is, reach our fishing ground for more than an hour."

"Well, Paul, what success?" interrogated

Phil, as he joined his friend two hours later. "Have you caught anything? I think the evil one must have tempted me to try my luck around the bend, for I have not had as much as a solitary nibble since I left you. Perhaps the fishes were scared at the reflection of my lovely face in the water; but *n'impo*, here I am, as well off as I started. Why, what under the sun, or rather up the river, are you staring at?" he cried, in amazement.

His friend neither turned his head nor gave the slightest indication of having heard him, but remained fixedly gazing towards a small picturesque island above them.

Receiving no reply, Phil also glanced in that direction, then stood petrified, it seemed, watching as eagerly as did his companion the sight before them.

A small green island lay out in the river some distance above them, and perhaps twenty yards from the shore, but it was at the river's shallowest point, and a slight bridge spanned it from shore to island.

About midway upon this frail bridge a young girl stood, irresolute whether to advance or retreat, while the bridge bent and swayed dangerously even beneath her light weight.

That the bridge would part was too evident to the two horrified watchers, who held their breath as they gazed, as if that act would help to sustain the bending timbers.

"Phil," exclaimed Paul at last, with almost a gasp, "do you know who that lady is?"

"Indeed, no," replied Phil, not removing his eyes from the imperilled girl; "how should I?"

"It's too far off for me to recognise her, even if she were my own sister; but I tell you what, old fellow, she's in a mighty ticklish position."

"I expect every moment that the bridge will break, and then she is lost. Heavens! how it leans! Why don't she go back? Ah! she cannot; it is too late."

"My God!" burst from the ashen lips of Paul Winsted.

The bridge had parted, precipitating its fair burden into the water.

Simultaneously with Paul's horrified ejaculation a faint scream reached their ears, as the lady was swept along by the resistless tide.

She was now lost to the sight of the young men, but they knew all too well that the river was sweeping her swiftly down, and Paul groaned and wrung his hands in despair.

But only for a moment. Then his dark eyes flashed, and he began hastily to doff fishing basket, coat, hat, and all other incumbrances.

His companion gazed at him in dumb amazement, but as he started as if to rush from the spot, Phil caught and held him back, exclaiming—

"For Heaven's sake, Paul, what wild idea has entered your head? Surely you would not be so mad?"

"Hands off!" shouted Paul, excitedly, attempting to fling off the detaining grasp. "That lady is Belle Edgecomb. I recognise her bright scarf. I love her, and will save her, or die with her. Even death were sweet, if shared by her. Hands off, I say!"

"You cannot save her; it is impossible. Would it were otherwise. But this is madness, Paul. I cannot let you rush to certain death," pleaded Phil, still holding him back.

"I will go. Even if it were death, I would go all the same. Let me go, I say."

And with the strength of madness, he flung his friend violently from him, and darted away.

With what anxiety did Phil watch the desperate man!

Each moment seemed an age.

"Ha!" cried he, at length. "Yes, Paul has reached her side."

How he got there Phil did not pause to wonder; enough for him that he was there, and, so far, safe.

Phil's eyes were riveted upon his friend.

Paul saw a white hand raised above the water.

"God grant she may not be swept beyond his reach."

But no.

Even as he spoke, Paul, stretching out his arm to its utmost length, grasped the almost lifeless form of Belle Edgecomb, and drew her safely to the shore, murmuring thankfully—

"Saved! Thank God! my darling is saved."

And below, Phil Denham was unconsciously echoing his friend's words.

"Saved! Thank God! saved on the very verge of an awful death!"

Then joyfully gathering up the fishing tackle, he started to the assistance of his friend, who, after having with much difficulty landed his senseless burden safely on the river's bank, was well-nigh exhausted, and was glad to avail himself of Phil's proffered assistance to convey his rescued treasure home.

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"I sent for you, Mr. Winsted, to express my thanks for the inestimable service you rendered me yesterday," said Belle Edgecomb to Paul, whom she had summoned to her presence.

"Do not mention my slight service, Miss Belle. I assure you it was nothing."

"Nothing! And is the saving of a life nothing? My life, too, Mr. Winsted?" asked Belle, poutingly.

"You know I did not mean that; you know that, above all things, I prize as most precious your life and happiness, Miss Belle, although it is true I have no right to speak thus, for some luckier man than I will wear the flower I once so daringly hoped to win. But enough of this."

I meant, Miss Belle, that the deed was no more than any man would have done, especially one who loves."

And he looked at her meaningly.

She blushed consciously, but replied bravely—

"Pray don't make light of it, Mr. Winsted, for it was a most heroic deed, one not often paralleled. I know all about it. There, don't start. Your friend Phil Denham has told me the whole story."

"How dare he?" burst from Paul in his indignation.

"Dare! Why, it strikes me I was one of the principal persons interested, Mr. Winsted, and surely I had a right to make a few inquiries."

And she arched her eyebrows prettily as she spoke.

"Oh, certainly, if you desired," stammered Paul, somewhat confusedly. "But I had almost neglected to state that I leave here to-night. Miss Belle, will you bid me farewell?"

And he extended his hand.

She started when he announced his intended departure, and flushed deeply, but said softly—

"No."

"As you like," replied Paul, hurt at her apparent indifference. "Farewell."

And he turned to leave her presence.

But she sprang after him, and catching his sleeve, whispered—

"What if I don't want you to go, Paul?"

"Belle," he cried, his face paling with a sudden revulsion of feeling, "Belle, what do you mean?"

"I mean," and she smiled amid her blushes, "I mean that I want you to stay with me, Paul."

The last words were uttered coaxingly.

"My darling," he murmured, as he clasped her to his heart; "then you do love me, even if I am not a hero?"

"Ah, I was only teasing you, dear Paul. I did not mean what I said, for you are my hero, and—and—I think I have loved you all the time."

And she buried her blushing face on his breast.

"My darling!"

And he raised her head and pressed a warm kiss on her red lips.

"How I bless that treacherous bridge that has given you to my arms at last, my beautiful, my own."

THE TWO FLIRTS.

BY M. E. C.

"So, Laura, you think your cousin George is irresistible?"

"Indeed I do," replied Laura. "And Fanny, in spite of your boasted impenetrability, I fear that Cupid will send an arrow from George's large, black eyes straight through your heart. His reputation as a flirt is as great as your own, and his conquests are innumerable. He boasts, however, that his own heart is still untouched. The bell! I must go! Finish your toilet soon, Fan, and join me in the drawing-room."

Fanny turned to the glass to arrange some flowers in her hair, murmuring, "Perhaps his heart will not remain always untouched. Cousin Laura seems to fancy that I shall rank among his unloved victims. I am much flattered by the implied compliment," and a scornful smile played around the small mouth.

Fanny was tall and graceful, with a symmetrical figure, and a profusion of dark chestnut hair, whose rich curls shaded a face of rare beauty. The perfect features, white even teeth, and glorious dark eyes, with a clear complexion and bright color, were each and all enhanced by exquisite taste in dress, and many accomplishments. The dress she now wore of black lace was cut so as to display the snowy neck and arms, while a bracelet and necklace of pearls were her only jewels. A wreath of brilliant scarlet cypress and geranium was mingled with her curls, making a most dazzling tiara.

We will follow Laura down-stairs. Stretched lazily upon a sofa, she found a gentleman of some twenty-six or seven years of age, handsome as an Apollo, and at present fast asleep. Her exclamation of "George!" awoke him, and he started to his feet.

"My fair cousin," he said, kissing her cheek, "I have come, you see, according to promise, but I heard you were dressing, and waited here for you. Where can I Adonisize before your guests arrive? Your father kindly insisted upon a visit of a month, so I have brought my baggage. You write that Miss Fanny Gardiner is to be here. Has she arrived?"

"Two days ago. She is lovelier than ever. Do you know her?"

"No, but her propensity for breaking hearts has made her the subject of many a conversation, so I have heard of her. Candidly, Laura, is she so very beautiful?"

"She is the most beautiful woman I ever saw, plays on the harp and piano to perfection, sings like an angel, and—hush! she is coming! Take care of your heart, George, she is dangerous. Come this way, and I will introduce you by and bye."

Fanny entered the parlor at one door, as the cousins left it by another. She looked after them, and her thoughts ran something in this wise:—"H-m. Dusty coat, heavy boots, and, no doubt, dirty face. A traveller! Tall, finely formed, and what an erect, manly carriage. I

like to see a man walk as if he spurned the very ground. So, the exquisite made his escape to add the charms of an elaborate toilet to his handsome face, before he attacks my poor heart, and reduces me to the necessity of wearing the willow for him."

Laura returned just in time to greet the first of her guests for the evening. It was her birthday, and a large circle of friends and neighbors had assembled to do her homage. The house stood in the midst of its own park-like grounds which stretched down to the Trent, and had been built by her father, whose place of business was in the neighboring town of Nottingham. She was his only child, and, since the death of her mother, his housekeeper and companion, and no expense or pains were spared to make her life a happy one.

Fanny Gardiner was standing in the conservatory, surrounded by a group of gentlemen, when Laura asked her to play for them on the harp. Two of the gentlemen went to get the instrument, while Fanny selected a seat surrounded by green leaves and flowers. She made the centre of a very pretty tableau, as she sat there, with the bright light striking upon her and the delicate hanging flowers falling in profusion around her. George came to the door of the conservatory just as the harp was placed before her.

"She understands the study of effect," he thought, "and really Laura has not exaggerated her charms. She is beautiful."

The first notes of her clear, rich voice held him spell-bound. They were low, but very sweet and pure; as the song proceeded they rose, full and strong, till the air seemed flooded with melody. The small, white hands drew notes of great power from the harp, but that young, fresh voice rose clear above them. Fanny sang, as she did nothing else, with her whole heart. Once interested in the music, she forgot all her coquettish ways, and revelled in melody. The last notes were still quivering on the air, as she rose and pushed the instrument from her. At that moment her eye met George's. His look made her heart give one quick bound; it was full of admiration, and she felt a thrill of triumph.

"Fanny, allow me to introduce my cousin George. Mr. Lewis, Miss Gardiner," said Laura. The others of the group drew back. Both parties were known in that circle as consummate flirts, and they were left to entertain each other. "Miss Gardiner," said George, bowing low, "my heart has not thrilled for years as it has to-night, to the glorious music you favored us with."

"Going to begin with flattery," thought Fanny. "He shall be paid in his own coin."

"Such an attentive listener as you are," said she, "is an inspiration to any performer. But I will not take too much credit to myself. Who could not sing, and who not listen in such a scene as this? The flowers, the fountain, the lovely view, all make it a place for music. Truly, it seems to-night like a vision of fairy land."

"And the queen of that bright realm is not wanting," said George, with a meaning glance. "Oh! my favorite dance! Do not say you are engaged, Miss Gardiner, unless you would see me rush upon your unfortunate partner and annihilate him."

Fanny replied by placing her arm within his, and in another moment they had joined the dancers. Laura smiled as she watched them, and as their eyes met once or twice in a decidedly dangerous manner, she nodded her head as if very well pleased.

"Wonder how last night's belle will look by daylight," thought George, as he came down to breakfast: "these brilliant beauties are generally faded in the morning."

Fanny was in the breakfast-room. His uncle was seated on the sofa, with Fanny on a low stool at his feet. The white, flowing morning dress, and loose, floating curls, were fully as fascinating as a more elaborate costume, and the tiny hand in its setting of soft lace was as fair as when diamonds adorned it.

"So, Miss Gardiner," said George, "you have granted Laura's prayer, and will stay here some weeks. Why did you keep her in suspense so long?"

"I was waiting to hear from Harry," said Fanny. "He spoke of coming home this summer, and I wished to be at home if he came. Yesterday my letters said he would not return for some time, so I can stay here."

George felt savagely jealous of this unknown Harry. He did not love Miss Gardiner—not he, indeed; but he had no objection to her falling in love with him.

After breakfast was over, Laura, her cousin, and her friend, went into the music room. Fanny soon found that George's voice and musical talent were not one whit inferior to her own; and Laura stole away "on household cares intent," leaving the two in the middle of a duet. One after another was tried. Their voices harmonised perfectly, and the store of music was inexhaustible. With discussion on the merits of various operas, trying over favorite airs, sometimes with the opera before them, singing whole scenes from it, time flew by, and the luncheon bell found them still at the piano. Laura affected profound surprise when she opened the door and saw Fanny playing a brilliant accompaniment, and George leaning over her joining his rich tenor voice to her pure soprano.

"Why, you must have sung yourselves hoarse," she said gaily. "Have you been here all the morning?"

Fanny blushed guiltily, and then, stealing a glance at George from under her long, dark

lashes, said, "Mornings are fearfully long in the country, are they not, Mr. Lewis? Laura, where have you been?"

George bit his lip. He thought he had been particularly fascinating, and having found her so, he had thought the time very short. But in revenge he said, "Is luncheon ready, Laura? Singing makes one so hungry."

The tables were turned with a vengeance, and Fanny took his offered arm to go to luncheon.

A few days later we find George and Fanny in Charnwood Forest by the side of a pretty little spring. Fanny, lovely in a dark-blue riding habit, with a most fascinating straw hat and white feathers, and George, manly and handsome in his volunteer suit of rifle green.

"Why," said Fanny, looking round, "where are the others? I am very tired," and she sank down in a graceful attitude upon a low seat, which some benevolent person had placed near the spring. "Pic-nics are a dreadful bore, are they not, Mr. Lewis?"

"Shocking," said he, lazily seating himself at her feet. "Miss Gardiner shall I give you some water? Here is a leaf for a drinking cup. How exquisitely rural!"

"Do you like the rural?" said Fanny, taking the leaf of water. "Country pleasures, I mean, and fine scenery. Climbing high hills, scratching your hands with briars, and burning your complexion to a tint like old mahogany, to see fine prospects! Now if anybody wished to annoy me they have only to propose a walk to see a fine view. I admire what comes before me, but seeking them—!" and she finished the speech with a shudder.

George raised his eyes languidly, saying, "I detest simple pleasure and natural amusements. It is delightfully cool here after our long walk, Miss Gardiner."

"Yes," and the young girl took off her hat to enjoy the air; as she did so she loosened the comb which confined her curls, and the whole mass fell around her in a profusion of ringlets. George took this as a matter of course, and taking one of the curls between his fingers, examined its color and texture with an artist's eye.

"See," said he, "how it curls around my finger; just so can your chains bind and confine your victim's heart. It is remorseless. Ah! I cannot disengage it without breaking the hair. Are you chains as firm?"

"You do not understand it," said Fanny, taking his hand in both of hers. "See, by taking it so it unwinds of itself. A little art only is necessary to disengage it."

Their eyes met. Fanny bore his look for an instant, then let her hand stray among the masses of her curls for a moment, and dropped them, saying despairingly, "I cannot get them in order again, I am certain."

"You need not wish to," said George. "No arrangement can be more effective than the one you have chosen."

Fanny looked at him keenly. He seemed innocent for a moment, and then a twinkle in his eyes betrayed him.

"A truce," said she, holding out her hand. "Suppose we try to be natural for an hour or two?"

"Suppose we do," he answered. "Just to see how it would seem, you know?"

The day came at last for George to return home. Fanny was to remain longer, as her brother Harry had not yet arrived. The two, George and Fanny, were standing in the conservatory. It was time he was on his way to the station, yet he lingered; he had said goodbye, and received a low farewell from her.

Suddenly he approached her, and said in a low, thrilling voice, "Fanny!"

She drew herself erect, and her cheek flushed at the unwonted familiarity. He did not move, but cast down his eyes.

"Oh," said she, laughing, "you want to rehearse a tragic parting. Excuse my dullness, I did not understand you. Farewell," she continued, in a tone of mock grief, "farewell!"

He bit his lip, and turning on his heel left the room. Alas for George! he was caught in his own net. Desperately in love with a flirt, who apparently scorned his passion.

Apparently! How was it with Fanny? For a moment she stood where he had left her, and then stooped and took up something from the floor. It was George's glove, which he had dropped as he went out. Fanny held it in her hand, and she thought, "He wanted to make a scene, and leave me fainting, or inconsolable at his departure. Thank you, Mr. Lewis, I have no ambition to figure on your list of conquests. His voice is very sweet, and how pretty 'Fanny' sounded when he said it so tenderly. He goes abroad next month. I shall never see him again, perhaps. Well, I don't care. What's this? Tears, as I live! Crying! You idiot, you deserve a shaking for your folly. To care for a man who would make a jest of your love."

But the tears fell one after another upon the glove, and more than once said glove was pressed to the ripe, rosy lips. She was standing there still, the glove laid caressingly against her cheek, when an arm stole round her waist, and a low voice said, "Fanny, I love you. Will you not say farewell, George?"

He had missed his glove, returned for it, and—found it.

Fanny only made a faint resistance, and then letting her head lie upon his breast, she said, "No, I will not say farewell; you will stay with me, George."

Need we say any more? Laura was delighted with the result of putting two flirts in a country-house for a month, and George and Fanny did not quarrel with her for trying the experiment.

TWO SONNETS.

BY MAX.

We walk like men within a wood at night,
Halting and stumbling often on our way;
Tho' faith is ours we choose to walk by sight,
Preferring darkness to the perfect day.
How prone we are to choose the darker side,
Instead of turning to life's beauteous sun;
How prone we are to be self-satisfied,
Leaving the good around us all undone.
When wintry clouds above the city loom,
Draping in utter sadness all the sky,
Then say we God's fair earth is full of gloom,
Remembering not that joyous spring is nigh;
When happy birds will trill their glad refrain,
And summer's odorous roses bloom again.

With soundless feet thro' time's immensity,
The new year comes upon the sleeping earth;
And angels' eyes look down from heaven and see

Our lives and actions when he wakes to birth.
Surely we might cast out the gloom within,
Surely we might do better if we would;
And not, self-righteous, harbor up our sin,
But exercise our love in doing good;
And with the dawning year begin anew
The noble work so long been left undone;
Then shall we see life's skies in cloudless blue
When in the eastern azure shines the sun,
And blessed peace and blessed glory win,
And with our souls behold the Heaven within.

LESTELLE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE ROSE AND SHAMROCK," ETC.

CHAPTER XVIII.

LESTELLE HUMBLER HERSELF.

The successful manager came to his *prima donna* brisk and smiling. He was still in his gay dressing-gown and slippers, but apologized courteously for a *déshabillé* he declared to be owing to his eagerness to behold her—an eagerness, by the bye, which had not prevented his stopping before his glass to see that his hair and those wrinkles which began to remind him of his age carefully smoothed away.

"You are an early visitor, *m'amie*," he said; "but a most welcome one. It is the first time you have honoured me with a call; may it be an augury of many pleasant hours to be spent together."

He saw Lestelle wince, and changed the subject.

"Of course you will breakfast with me? My cook is an admirable one. What may I offer you, chocolate or coffee? Will you taste this ragout? But you look pale this morning. Dare I recommend a cup of tea, and one teaspoonful, carefully measured, of eau-de-vie in it? It is a marvelous restorative."

"Give me what you will, only spare me compliments, and let me despatch my business, and go," said Lestelle impatiently.

He placed a cup at her elbow, but seeing that she pushed aside the delicate viands with a look of disgust, he sat down to his own breakfast, which he began to discuss with evident relish.

"You can have nothing to say that will spoil my appetite," Mr. Paulton observed, when she had thirstily swallowed her tea. "You have brought me that definite answer I asked for some few days since, have you not?"

She nodded assent, for her lips seemed parched with inward fever, and her voice failed her.

After a minute or so, Paulton put down his knife and fork, and leant towards her.

"Well, little one, and what is it to be? Yes? I thought so!"

"Stay; you are assuming too much. I must first know how it is that, in direct violation of your word, you have commenced proceedings against the Glenaughtons in my name, and yet without apprizing me of what you are doing?"

"Suffer me to correct one or two errors in that little speech," he answered, deliberately. "I have not threatened any one with a suit but the Honorable Darcy Lesmere; neither have I broken my word in so doing. The promise you had from me related to the Earl, and not to his nephew. For the rest, I saw no good purpose to be gained in telling you my plans."

"I will not seek redress at the hands of the law!" cried Lestelle, vehemently. "I forbid you to proceed with this suit."

With the utmost ease of manner Mr. Paulton resumed his breakfast.

"You will not be of age for some months, my child; till then, I shall advance your interests in the manner I think best."

"Do you expect to make me believe that you can thrust birth and fortune upon me against my will?" was the indignant query.

Paulton smiled.

"It is the first time I ever heard a young lady take exception to a clear rental of fifteen thousand a year."

"Show me the proofs of my birth?" she exclaimed, without appearing to hear this last speech.

He drew out his pocket-book.

"It has cost me no little trouble to collect them, I have been at considerable expense in

finding the witnesses to the marriage; their evidence is in the hands of our legal advisers, also a copy of the certificate of the nuptials; the original I shall have the pleasure of reading to you. Excuse me," he said, as she extended her hand for it. "I do not permit this valuable document to leave me for one moment."

He read the yellow, faded slip of paper, which certified that a marriage had been performed, at a little church amongst the Hampshire hills, between Esther Waverill and Arden Lesmere; and the hope Estelle had been cherishing, that some deception had been practised upon her, was gone.

For a moment she bowed her head on her bosom, and fancy vividly pictured Darcy robbed of his high estate, and stung to the quick by the publicity given to his father's crime; of the congratulations that would be lavished upon her by those who would not dream of the pain they inflicted; of the sensational paragraphs that would fill the daily papers; and then she rose in uncontrollable agitation.

"It must not be! I cannot bear it! Spare Darcy Lesmere the shame and disgrace which now threatens him, and I will do whatever you ask."

Paulton frowned. "Is it wholly for this young man's sake that I find you so humble? Remember, I warned you not to permit his visits."

"True; I disobeyed you, and you have punished me for my folly. Is it not enough? Need you dwell on this subject any longer?" she queried, impatiently.

He pointed to the chair from which she had risen. "Sit down, Lestelle, and let us perfectly comprehend each other. You wish this suit against Mr. Lesmere quashed. If I consent, what do you give me in return?"

A hope that he would not care to wed a penniless bride thrilled through her.

"It is for you to make your demands, and for me to comply with them if I can. I have had a letter from the lessee of one of the New York theatres, offering me very handsome terms for a few night's performances. I could add a tolerable sum to your treasury if I accepted the offer, and I am willing to enter into any engagement you choose to propose."

"Bah! you talk nonsense," he answered, rudely. "Have I not already told you that nothing but your hand will satisfy me? Become my wife, and Darcy Lesmere may keep his estate if he chooses."

But Lestelle eyed him suspiciously. "You are strangely ready to relinquish the wealth you were a moment since so obstinate in pressing on me."

"Is no one capable of a disinterested act but yourself, little one?" he retorted. "If I cannot have you with a dowry, I must take you without one. So that I win my pretty bribe, I shall be content."

Still unconvinced, Lestelle retreated from him as he tried to take her hand.

"You are deceiving me! Your proofs are not as conclusive as you have represented them. Do your worst. I will await the issue. I will not fetter myself until I am sure that there is no other way of saving Darcy."

Wyett Paulton's smiles vanished, and pushing the table away, he came and stood before her.

"Lestelle, there is no other way; I swear to you that there is not! Whether this young man be dear to you as brother or lover, he must and shall lose all unless you become mine. I will not have the plans and hopes of years set aside for a girl's silly fancy."

She raised her clasped hands.

"Have pity on me, and upon him! Remember how I have always looked upon you as a stern task-master, and—the bethrothed of another. How can I learn to love you? It would be an unholy union, and could only end in our mutual misery."

Wyett smiled grimly.

"I will run the risk. You shall not find me a bad husband. So that you are docile, and continue to avoid the attentions of the fools who flutter round you, I will ask no more. Nay, I will even promise to remove you from the stage ere long."

Lestelle glanced at his inflexible face, and veiled her eyes. She had always distrusted, but now she hated him; and, for a moment, she was disposed to start up, telling him this, and once more defying him. But a thought of Darcy—his name blighted, his prospects ruined—had power to restrain her.

"After all, it is only I who need be unhappy," she sighed to herself. "Darcy will marry his beautiful cousin, and forget that Lestelle, the actress, ever crossed his path. Ought I to think any sacrifice too great that is made for him?"

But even as she came to this conclusion, her hatred of the manager came back in full force.

"You are both ungenerous and unwise to force me into an union against which my soul revolts!" she told Wyett, passionately. "Nothing will ever compensate you for the burden of an unloving wife, who will be for ever beside you, yet neither friend nor companion. A little while, and you will loathe the sight of the woman you are now persecuting with such unseemly persistence."

"I will take my chance," he said, tranquilly. "I have outlived the season when we make love our master passion. And so it is decided. You will be my wife—but when? To-morrow?"

Lestelle shuddered.

"No, no! I must have time to accustom myself to the thought of the dreary life before me."

Paulton frowned.

"I do not like delays, neither will I submit to them; but I will give time for preparing your *trousseau*. What is to-day?—Friday. On Monday week, then, at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, at ten o'clock. There must no wavering now, Lestelle—no attempts to recede from your promise. I will not be trifled with. *Comprenez-vous?*"

She bowed her head, and, drawing the veil over her face to hide the despair depicted on it, turned to leave him. He saw her steps falter, he heard the sob she could not repress, and sprang forward just in time to prevent her falling heavily to the floor.

CHAPTER XIX.

A QUARREL.

It seemed an unutterable relief to Lestelle, when she found herself once more in her own cool, darkened chamber, with the hateful face of Wyett Paulton no longer bending over her, nor his voice, in its most modulated tones, uttering regrets for her indisposition. The knowledge that she was his bond-slave made his presence all the more intolerable; and when he would have touched her cheek with his lips ere he left her, she put out her hands, and thrust him from her with a look of abhorrence which he answered with a frown that menaced retaliation sooner or later.

Presently Miss Hill stole to the couch of the miserable girl, and wrapped her arms around her, "I hoped I should find you weeping, my poor child, for tears would relieve you. What has happened? Will you not tell me?"

"Alas, Leticia! why should I distress you, who could neither help nor comfort me?" was the desponding reply.

"Are you sure of that? Try me! Recollect the fable of the 'Lion and Mouse'; and at least give me credit for the sincerest sympathy in your troubles."

"But they concern Wyett Paulton."

"And you think that I cannot calmly bear fresh proofs of his villainy? Again I say, try me. If I cannot help you, dear Lestelle, I can grieve with you."

Though still reluctant to pain the gentle, generous woman, Lestelle told all.

"And as your marriage is now a decided thing," Miss Hill commented, her voice faltering a little, "perhaps you will learn to love Mr. Paulton by-and-by. He can be the most fascinating of men when he pleases."

"He has never cared to practise his fascinations on one who penetrated his true character long since," answered Lestelle, contemptuously.

Miss Hill took no notice of this, but began to question her so closely about Darcy Lesmere, and her own connection with the Glenaughton family, that at last she grew tired of answering inquiries which brought back scenes and circumstances she longed to forget.

"Dear Leticia, why dwell on the past? You know that I left Mrs. Price's at the suggestion of Wyett, who had learned somehow that I was a daughter of the Glenaughton family. Of the certificate of my mother's marriage he deprived me when he first brought me to London, to place me under your care. How he prevailed upon you to undertake such an onerous charge I cannot divine."

A flush crossed Miss Hill's face.

"Cannot you? And yet if you had loved him as devotedly as I did, you would have been as willing to further plans which were to be the stepping-stones to his—or, as he used to say then, our—future prosperity."

"When I grew older and braver," Lestelle musingly proceeded, "I asked him for the paper, but was put off with assurances that it was in safer keeping than my own, and that it would be positively valueless until I came of age. He would have kept me in ignorance of its purport, but this I learned as soon as I was able to read the letter he dropped when appropriating it. It had been written by my mother in her dying hours, when she felt that she had carried her self-sacrifice too far, and that she must assert the rights of the child who would soon be a friendless orphan. From that letter I learned that she was legally married to one of the sons of the late Lord Glenaughton; and until last night, I believed myself to be the daughter of the present Earl."

"It does not seem probable that a man in his position would have committed two such mad acts as your story attributes to him," Miss Hill observed.

"Were they not equally culpable in his brother's?"

"Scarcely, for the Honorable Arden Lesmere was not the head of his family, and may have been as thoughtless and unprincipled as younger sons frequently are. The Earl is a man of a different stamp—dignified, reserved, and fully alive to the duties of his rank. If the illegitimacy of his nephew should be proved, it will be a great blow to him, and the Lady Ida, who is as proud as her father."

"Don't speak of it—I cannot bear it!" moaned Lestelle. "But they will be spared this sorrow. Paulton—base though I know him to be—dare not break his promise."

"He exacts a fearful price for his silence," sighed Miss Hill. "And the writhing girl bade her say no more, but leave her."

"Who should know this better than I do?" she demanded. "Let me strive to sleep, to forget how soon I shall be his wife—if I can!"

But not all Lestelle's fortitude would enable her to go through her part in a comic opera that night, even though Mr. Paulton sent to apprise her that Royalty expected her presence. On the following evening, however, she appeared at

the theatre, a little paler than usual, and with a wistful look in her dark eyes which they had never worn before. Viscount Branceleigh stood at the wing when she came off, curtsying her acknowledgments of the rapturous applause that followed the finale; and, for a moment, she put her cold fingers into his palm, as if she needed the reassuring touch of a friend's hand.

"What is the matter, Lestelle?" he whispered. "I have only just heard that you have been ill, and your looks confirm the report."

She drew a long breath. "I am well again. Don't stop to question me; Mr. Paulton's eyes are upon us; but tell your cousin he need not fear any further annoyance. He will comprehend my meaning."

The next minute, Mr. Paulton had led her away, smiling blandly, and bowing to one and another as he did so; but when they were at the door of the young actress's dressing room, his face changed as he spoke in his sternest tones.

"Let this be the last time that I find you holding communication with either of these Glenaughtons. If you were not a silly, credulous woman, you would see that they are only craftily plying you with flatteries, that they may learn all you can tell them of my plans."

Lestelle disengaged her arm from his, and would have passed on without replying, but he would not let her.

"You must promise before you leave me. Don't struggle and look angry. Some day, when you are wiser, you will thank me for my firmness."

"I shall always speak kindly to Percy Branceleigh—always!" she said deliberately. "You know why I have liked and pitied him. It was your own acts that brought us together."

"And now I think fit to separate you. I have never had any faith in this kind of friendships, and so remember that I bid you see him no more."

"Have I sold both soul and body to you?" she asked impetuously. "Take care! You are rousing all the evil in my nature! I may yet foil all your schemes, and make you repent that you ever embarked in them!"

Wyett Paulton grew ghastly pale, and caught hold of the door-frame for support. Yet it was in his usually sardonic manner that he asked, "And how will you do this?"

Lestelle let her arms fall by her side. It had but been the empty threat of a rebellious woman, who chafed against the chains that were closing around her.

He saw this, and recovered his own composure. For a moment, he had been afraid that he had gone too far, and that she might grow desperate and escape him. Now that his well-laid schemes were so near fruition, he must be cautious, and this recollection made him soften his voice into more conciliatory tones.

"We are foolish to quarrel, *m'amie*. I had forgotten, for the minute, that you have a fancy that this youth is dying. As soon as we are married, I will prove my confidence in you by removing this restriction, and myself inviting Viscount Branceleigh to visit us."

Lestelle made no answer, but finding that he no longer attempted to detain her, she passed swiftly into her dressing-room, and locked the door between them with a fierce haste, born of her increasing detestation of the man to whom the rest of her days were to be devoted.

Percy carried her message to his cousin, repeating it to him as he sat in the Countess of Glenaughton's boudoir, waiting for Lady Ida, who was going to ride with him. Darcy, however, did not appear overjoyed at the tidings.

"What does she mean? How has she prevented the prosecution of the claim? I had rather, much rather, have been permitted to examine the evidence on which it is founded, and decide for myself whether it be a just or unjust one."

"As far as you are concerned, it is an unfounded one, depend upon it!" said Percy. "Therefore, I would, if I were you, accept Lestelle's assurance, and let the affair die away."

"Now, I cannot do that," Darcy exclaimed, after a few minutes' thought. "If Lestelle is renouncing her own rights on my behalf, I should be selfish and ungenerous to suffer it. I must know more about the matter."

"Better not," said Percy, with a sigh. "Or, at least, consent to let it lie in abeyance until I am gone. If I were strong and able to cope with trouble, I'd not ask this; but I'm just a weak nervous invalid, yearning to be permitted to creep out of my mortal coil as peacefully as I can."

Neither of the speakers had heard Lady Ida enter, but now her voice pettishly interposed.

"How foolishly you talk, Percy. Dr. Dullman assures mamma that you take a very exaggerated view of your case, and that you are not in any danger. Exercise and moderate living will soon restore you to health."

"Dr. Dullman is very kind; I wish I could agree with him," her brother replied, as soon as he had mastered a fit of coughing.

"You seem to take a cruel pleasure in frightening us," Ida said, reproachfully. "You are always representing yourself as worse than you really are."

"Am I? Then I'll break myself of such a mean trick. I did not know you were in the room when I was speaking of my wishes."

"What has Darcy been proposing? May I not know?" his sister inquired, as she took the seat Darcy rose to give her.

"To be as high-minded as Lestelle, and refuse the sacrifice she offers to make," Percy answered. "She has interposed, it appears, to prevent the suit being carried on."

Ida curbed her lip. "A sufficient proof that

it was an unjust one. Cannot this creature be punished for her audacity in attempting such a fraud?"

Percy raised himself from the couch on which he had been lying. "I don't feel up to a wrangle this morning, so I'll go; but in future, Ida, I'll thank you to speak with more respect of a young girl, who, in many virtues—in Christian charity and forbearance, for instance—is vastly your superior!"

Her ladyship's bright eyes were full of angry tears as she turned them towards her cousin.

"You see to what length Percy's infatuation has carried him. He actually insults me with a most degrading comparison! I repeat that this bad creature ought to be punished. Don't you agree with me?"

"I must first be convinced that fraud has been attempted," Darcy gravely told her; "and secondly, that Lestelle has participated in it."

She looked dissatisfied. "You are, as papa says, too chivalrous. Then, if the suit is dropped, you will not take any more notice of the authors of this annoyance?"

Darcy hesitated. "I must think seriously before I come to any decision. I must consult my uncle. In fact, I cannot rest until I know why the claim is not to be prosecuted."

"Is not the reason patent to every one?" Ida demanded with impatience. "This woman and her advisers are evidently afraid to pursue their nefarious schemes any further. Don't you see this? Is it possible that Percy has infected you with his folly?"

"If it be a folly to judge less harshly of the young girl we call Lestelle than you have been doing, I must answer yes!"

Ida grew crimson with indignation. "You offend me deeply when you uphold the vile cause of so much sorrow to my parents. You are the last person who should view her conduct so leniently. I am obliged to fear that there is some truth in the reports that have reached me concerning you."

"Who is your informant, Ida, and what sins have been laid to my charge?" he queried, with equal warmth.

"I should be sorry to repeat all I have heard," she answered, with an air of dignified displeasure. "It is enough that you have abetted Percy in his insults, and named the odious Lestelle in my presence."

"Insults, Ida! I must beg of you to use more temperate language."

"Towards you, or the lady whose cause you espouse so warmly?"

"Towards both; for I think both Lestelle and myself deserve gentler usage at your hands."

"If I am to be constantly teased in this manner," said the young lady, now losing her temper altogether, "our engagement had better cease. I have been exposed to so much unpleasant remarks already, through the postponement of our marriage, that I don't feel disposed to submit to additional mortifications."

At this moment, Mrs. Lavington came into the room for a book for the Countess, and perceiving the flushed faces of the young couple, she paused.

"You are not quarrelling, are you, you naughty children?"

"I never quarrel," said Ida, coldly.

"And you, Mr. Lesmere—are you equally peaceable?"

It was not with the best of grace that Darcy replied, "I hope so."

"Then let me see you shake hands before I go back to the Countess. Except match-making, there's nothing I like better than reconciling lovers," cried the vivacious widow.

"Don't be ridiculous!" said Lady Ida, snatching away the hand Mrs. Lavington tried to put into Darcy's. "I prefer to tell my cousin in your presence, that until this claim has been entirely set at rest, and its advisers severely punished, I shall consider our engagement void."

Mrs. Lavington looked uneasy, for she knew how entirely the Earl's heart was set on the match, and she whispered something to that effect in Ida's ear, which that young lady answered aloud.

"Papa will have no right to be angry with me for refusing to unite myself to a gentleman who shows so little consideration for me as to laud a low-minded actress in my presence."

"Lestelle is not low-minded," said Darcy, controlling his wrath as well as he could.

Lady Ida turned from him with a disdainful gesture. "You hear this, Mrs. Lavington? My chivalrous cousin, secure, I suppose, of my affections, does not scruple to defend himself, and sees no shame in being on terms of intimacy with one whom I blush to be obliged to name."

Darcy was now fairly roused.

"You speak in ignorance of the truth, or you could not say these unwomanly things. I tell you, as Percy has told you repeatedly, that you belle Lestelle when you call her vile. She is as pure and good as yourself."

"She is of no birth; she is an actress and an impostor," Ida sullenly repeated.

"The latter term does not apply to her," said Darcy, with generous warmth; "and for the rest, I could tell you the names of many who have dignified their profession with pure lives and good deeds, although you use the word 'actress' as if it were a term of reproach! Low birth, did you say? Are you so proud of your wealth and rank, that you quite forget how we are all equal in the eyes of our Maker, workers and nobles, peasants and patricians? I tell you frankly, that these prejudices offend me. I prize the good things that my position gives me—perhaps I never valued them more than now;

but I can also honor and esteem those who have been less favored than ourselves, and have to labor for their daily bread."

Ida heard his remonstrance unmoved.

"Your enthusiasm would be amusing if it were not carried to such extraordinary lengths. I hope you do not expect me to admire it?"

"Certainly not," he replied, sadly. "I have been obliged to see that our likes and dislikes do not assimilate; but I have no desire to force mine upon you. I only entreat you to spare me the pain of hearing you allude to Lestelle in terms which—I give you my honor—she does not merit. If you knew——"

But here Ida interrupted him with a semblance of wounded delicacy. She had just remembered that this was not a subject a young lady, so carefully educated, should discuss.

"Excuse me, Mr. Lesmere; I would rather not hear any more. Nothing you could say would induce me to alter my opinion."

As this was conclusive he bowed and left her.

A rather garbled account of this quarrel was whispered to Percy by Mrs. Lavington as they sat at chess together in the evening; while the Marquis of Lechlade leaned over Lady Ida's chair, and talked to her, *sotto voce*, at the other end of the room.

Percy made no comment upon the widow's report, but it troubled him; and when his sister came to his side to say good night, he put his arm round her and accompanied her to the ante-chamber.

"Ida, dear, I don't like to hear that you and Darcy are at variance. For my sake, make up this silly quarrel."

"I will not," she answered, resolutely; "at least, not while he plays the advocate for a creature I detest."

"A hatred which, if I remember rightly, dates back from the time that some of your schoolfellows pronounced her handsomer than you. Oh, Ida, I hoped you were superior to such petty malice!"

She colored angrily. "Nonsense! I liked her till I knew who she was; and she has amply revenged herself for any slights I put upon her then. First you are caught in her toils, and now Darcy."

"My dear little sister, why will you persist in believing that my acquaintance with Lestelle originated through her desire to fascinate me? I had committed my worst follies before I knew her, and she came to me like an angel of goodness when I was overwhelmed with the consequences of my madness; aggravated as they were by another and still greater trouble, which not even her sympathy could alleviate."

"But you lavished hundreds upon her," his sister persisted.

"On the contrary, she devoted her own savings to releasing me from the clutches of a merciless debtor—this Wyett Paulton—who seems to have us all in his clutches."

"In what manner?" asked Ida, curiously.

He kissed her with sorrowful tenderness. "I may not tell you. Be reconciled to Darcy, and let your marriage take place at once; if the worst comes to the worst, he has his mother's property, which will ensure him a certain income."

Ida's beautiful mouth took a dissatisfied curve.

"And I should have to be economical, and live in the country always! I love Darcy—that is, I love him better than any one else I have met with—but I could not support such a life, even for his sake; nor would I marry any man whose birth was not equal to my own."

"But what if there are troublous days at hand?" asked Percy, in lowered tones; "days in which no one could shield you from sorrow and shame as tenderly as Darcy would? You look incredulous; but, alas! Ida, I fear that this is but the first omen of an approaching storm. Before it is over you may wish yourself with me in the quiet grave!"

His impressive manner affected her.

"You are horrifying me with your wild sayings. Tell me more! I will know what you mean."

"Marry Darcy, and persuade him to take you abroad," was Percy's only reply. "And now good night. Think over what I have said, and let me recall our cousin."

But Ida clung to him, and would not be shaken off. With that imperiousness to which the more gentle nature of her brother frequently succumbed, she refused to leave him till he had explained himself.

"You have told me too much, and yet too little. I will not rest till I know all! You refuse me! Then I will go to papa!"

"You must not do that, Ida," said Percy, agitatedly.

"Then satisfy my curiosity yourself."

Wearied at length by her persistence, he murmured a few words in her ear, which made the blood recede from her cheek.

"It is false!" she gasped; "I will never, never believe it!"

She was silent; and, with a sob, she faltered, "Oh, Percy, is it—is it true?"

"I fear so."

She had unwound her arms from his neck, and stood steadily gazing at him, as if asking herself whether it were possible that he was deceiving her. She would have questioned him, but a step was heard approaching, and she hurried away.

It was the Earl, who had been writing in the library. He did not perceive Ida's rapid flight, for his eyes were fixed on vacancy, and he was muttering to himself the carefully prepared sentences of a speech which was to be spoken

in the House on the following evening. But his glance fell upon Percy, who was quietly retreating.

"My dear boy, you look terribly fatigued," he said, kindly. "Have you forgotten that your physicians advocate early hours?"

"I am going to bed directly, sir. Good night!"

"One moment, Percy. You have great influence with your cousin, I think?"

This was said inquiringly, and the answer was prompt.

"Darcy likes me much, but I should never be able to prevail with him to do anything that was against his conscience."

"Surely you would not try!" the Earl exclaimed, hastily. "Heaven forbid that either you or he should ever do anything that would embitter the future with vain regrets!"

They stood for a minute silent, and then his lordship added, with some hesitation, "Darcy is a noble fellow, and it grieves me to see his inheritance endangered. Can you not make some effort to free him from his unpleasant position? Will you see this girl, this Lestelle—privately, of course—and ascertain what price she sets upon her forbearance."

"Darcy strenuously opposes such a course," Percy reminded his father.

"I know, I know; and my interference must be kept a secret from him until the affair is arranged. But he is my brother's son, and Ida's betrothed, and his interests are so dear to me that I cannot sit by and see him wronged."

"He will not be, sir. Lestelle has already sent him an assurance that the legal proceedings shall be stayed."

Lord Glenaughton was evidently relieved.

"May we trust her, think you?—will she keep her word?"

"Trust Lestelle? Undoubtedly you may," Percy replied, with so much fervor, that the Earl looked uneasy.

"They must marry at once—Darcy and Ida, I mean—and they shall take you with them to Italy. You'll not get well in this close city."

"Nor anywhere else, sir," the young man told him, emphatically, but his father would not hear this. He preferred to think, with the Countess's favorite physician, that he would regain his strength by-and-by; and almost angrily bidding him cease to forebode evil, he joined his lady and Mrs. Lavington in the drawing-room.

Two or three evenings after this, Percy, in defiance of the manager, who rigorously enforced the rule that no strangers were to be admitted behind the scenes, made his way to the door of Lestelle's dressing-room. She came herself to know who was there, looking dazlingly beautiful in the costume of a sea-nymph, her long, dark hair and white arms fantastically wreathed with coral, and her skirts caught up with water lilies and feathery bunches of seaweed. But the rouge which gave her eyes such brilliancy did not wholly conceal the dark rings around them, nor the excessive paleness of her complexion, while the hand she put in Percy's burned with inward fever.

"You must not talk to me," she said, hurriedly; "I need all my strength to nerve me for my part."

"You are ill; I feel sure of it. Don't act to-night, Lestelle; better disappoint the public than injure your health."

"I must act!" and snatching up her part, she was passing on without bidding him adieu, but he caught hold of her dress.

"I want to say five words to you. Why did you bid me tell Darcy what is not true? The suit is being carried on vigorously. The tenants on the Lesmere estate have received an injunction not to pay their rents."

Lestelle listened to him with dismay; but the voice of the call-boy was heard, and she dared not linger except to say, "To-morrow—you shall hear from me to-morrow;" and Percy, who felt unable to cope with the jostling of busy carpenters and supernumeraries, went home.

Wyett Paulton was a little startled by the wild face that confronted him at the close of the first act.

"You have been duping me again. The suit is not quashed. Oh, villain, villain! how dared you swear to me so falsely?"

"Who told you this?" he queried, evidently disconcerted.

"Percy Branceleigh; and so I know it to be true, for I can trust him."

"It is both true and false, as I will explain to you in the morning."

"I will not wait till then. Tell me at once, or I refuse to finish my part. Be quick; the bell will ring directly."

Wyett Paulton ground his teeth, and stamped his foot with vexation.

"Your self-will is intolerable. I did not say when I would stay the legal proceedings! but I tell you now that Darcy Lesmere is not safe till you have spoken your marriage-vows. As soon as you are my wife, I will——"

"You will laugh at the credulity that placed any reliance in your promises!" she impatiently interposed. "You do not love me well enough to relinquish the chance of winning a fortune because I wish it."

His color rose, and Mr. Paulton walked away, inwardly cursing the officiousness of Percy in revealing what he had intended to keep from her. But Lestelle, who thought she saw the prospect of a reprieve, rallied her spirits, and sang with all her accustomed *verve* and sweetness.

"I will see you in the morning," the manager said, as he walked beside her to her carriage. His arm had been disdainfully rejected. "You

are, as usual, too hasty in your conclusions. I have good reasons for not dropping the suit yet."

"I do not doubt that," Lestelle sarcastically commented.

"Good reasons," he repeated, his eyes flashing angrily. "But, in spite of your doubts, I shall keep my promise, and I shall hold you to yours."

"Darcy Lesmere must be insured from all risk of your breaking faith with me before I will consent to go to the altar," said Lestelle, resolutely.

"He shall be. As you persist in doubting my word, I will sign an agreement to that effect; will that satisfy you?"

"I suppose it must," she sighed.

"And, hark ye, *m'amie*; let me find you in a more conciliating mood when I call. At present, I am inclined to be civil and forbearing; but I may be goaded into merging my interests in revenge, and then not one of these proud Glenaughtons shall escape unscathed!"

"Lestelle, he threatens me! I no longer dare oppose him!" moaned Lestelle, when she reached home. "And you, who but yesterday soothed and flattered me with false hopes, sit here idly and do nothing! In three days I shall be his wife! Do you hear? In three days!"

"Be patient," said her friend, tenderly; "there is time yet." But the unhappy girl thrust her away impatiently.

Her fate was drawing very near, and turn which way she would, no help came in sight. How would it—how must it end?

(To be continued.)

A NERVOUS TRAVELER.

Those of you who had the pleasure of living in the country four years ago, know how remarkably hot the weather was. Flies and wasps, bees and spiders, struggling for their lives in an ocean of tepid cream, tea-kettles boiling without being put on the fire, haystacks burning of their own accord—these were some of the horrors which characterized the summer of 1868.

But if England was hot, Russia was hotter. The temperature was often so high that India was left, speaking literally, in the shade. It was dangerous to venture out in the sun in the middle of the day; it was spontaneous liquefaction to put one foot before the other. When you tried to put your boots on, you found them full of beetles, which had gone there for the sake of a little shelter. When you had got them on, you called, with the little voice you had left, for two men and a boot jack to pull them off again. All the world stood still, or sat still, or lay still, and gave itself up to its fate. You had not the energy to abuse even the mosquito which perched itself on the end of your celestial nose. If you brushed it away, it returned in a moment or two with several lively friends, who converted your face into a battle field and dug trenches, soon to be filled with human gore and their own shattered remains. And so you may imagine that I found it no pleasant prospect, in the midst of these annoyances, to contemplate a railway journey from St. Petersburg to Berlin. Moreover, as I was just recovering from a severe illness—brought on by drinking incautiously some of the detestable river water—I was not in the most charming temper or in the highest spirits. Behold me, however, seated on a four wheeled drosky, without springs, with a large trunk behind me, and a small hat box before me, speeding toward the railway station; the strong, wiry little Russian horses pulling with a will, in spite of the fierce glare of the sun; the driver emitting oaths, mingled with a strong odor of onions, Russian leather, sheep-skin, and stale tobacco; the passenger holding on for his life, of which he had not much left. At last the station is reached; porters rushed forward; away goes my luggage; away goes the drosky on its return passage, the driver suspecting that change will be asked for.

There being only two trains during the day which run through to Berlin, you may imagine that they were usually well filled with passengers. After taking my ticket I took a survey of the compartments. They were all occupied. Just as I had decided upon going into one of them, which held four persons, I was asked in French, by a man evidently excited and hurried, whether this was the train for the Continent. I replied in the affirmative, and he, a friend of his, and myself, took our seats. The whistles sounds, and we start. Let me here explain to you the construction of the carriages, which differ from those of both England and America. A door opens in the middle of the side of the carriage. On entering this door you go straight forward for about a yard; to the right and left of you are two other passages, at the ends of each of them being a door. The doors open into compartments extending the whole width of the carriage, and capable of seating about eight persons each. Facing the main entrance is a small coupé to hold four people. You will understand then, that, supposing the middle compartments to be empty, persons occupying the two end compartments are separated from one another by two doors and a long passage—this renders it impossible to overhear what is said or done in either place. If you will keep this in mind, you will readily understand what I am about to relate to you. I examined my two companions over the top of a newspaper. One was a fair, tall, strongly built man, with moustache and beard; the other, dark, with rather the air of

a Frenchman about him. Both were well, yet plainly dressed, but with an amazing profusion of rings on their fingers, set with diamonds, evidently of great value, or else of no value at all.

The survey was, on the whole then, satisfactory, and I buried myself in my paper once more, when to my astonishment, I heard the dark man say to his friend, in plain, unmistakable English: "It is fortunate that we have secured a compartment with so much room in it." I cannot tell you how much pleased I was once more to have the opportunity of speaking a little English, and I soon joined in the conversation. They seemed at first affable, but soon, no doubt, felt the natural distrust which is so characteristic of John Bull on his travels. However, it turned out that although they spoke English, it was here and there interspersed with a slight smattering of "Artemus Wardism." They both belonged to the Northern States, and our reserve soon wore off as we argued out the respective claims of Federals and Confederates. I need not tell you that both my companions had traveled a great deal. I never met an American who had not!

They had gone to the very extremity of the line of rail which was then being laid down from Moscow to the East. They had slept with the workmen in the open air, and snored away quite calmly among a horde of semi-barbarians. Of course, one of them had been to Jerusalem to see how they were getting on with the excavations there. We got on well together, and were on sufficiently intimate terms at the end of the day to agree to sleep in the same carriage. The windows were double, and only half of the double window would open; the seats were thickly cushioned. The sun had been shining in through the double glass upon our unfortunate heads, so that we were only too glad to solace ourselves with iced beer and claret, at the few stations we saw. For miles and miles we went on through thick forests, and without seeing a single house. And then the evening came; and after the sun had set, the air seemed almost as sultry as before. We dined together, and then adjourned to an end compartment of another carriage. A lamp had been lighted in it, and there was a curtain which, when drawn over the lamp, rendered the carriage almost dark. Soon after we left the station where we had dined, a sudden glare of light burst upon us; we felt the train quicken its speed, and in a moment or two we were overpowered by a suffocating smoke. We closed the windows, and found that the forest on each side of us was in flames. Long tongues of fire darted out here and there, and scorched the carriages. If I were an adept at word-painting, I would attempt to describe the scene, but it was far beyond anything I could make you feel or understand. A quarter of a mile or so of this, and we left the fire behind us, only too thankful to have escaped so easily.

And now we began to make our preparations for going to sleep. My two fellow-travelers were evidently old hands at this sort of thing. They took off their coats and folded them into pillows; their collars and ties were neatly pinned to the wall of the carriage; slippers replaced their boots, and after spreading a large silk handkerchief over their coats by way of pillow cases, and getting out their traveling rugs, they were ready for bed. In the netting over my head was placed a small carpet bag belonging to the larger man of the two, whom I will call Douglas. He and Brookes, his companion, lay down on the seat opposite to me, thus leaving me the other seat all to myself; Brookes with his head next to the window, and his face turned towards me, and I with my face turned towards him, so close that I could almost have touched him. Douglas lay on the opposite seat with his head next the other window, and also facing me. This prolix statement is necessary to make you understand my story. Under my head was an overcoat, in the pocket of which reposed a six-barrelled revolver, an old traveling companion, so that by merely putting my hand under my head, I could place my finger on the trigger. However, scarcely a feeling of suspicion crossed my mind. Douglas asked me if I objected to having the curtain drawn over the lamp. "Of course not." This done, we could just see one another, but very indistinctly. Then he lay down again, there was a dead silence.

The train went on and on, not a house to be seen through the thick forests. Suddenly a thought flashed upon me; "What would be easier than to rob a man, and throw him out of the window? He would lie in the forest, and soon the wolves would find him out, and disperse all traces of him, eating his seal-skin valisecoat with as much relish as his carcass." I laughed to myself. "How absurd this is," said I. "I have no reason for suspecting these men." True, they have been whispering together, and their rings were rather too numerous. "But what a fool I am. I will go to sleep; at any rate, I am tired enough."

I had scarcely closed my eyes, when in the stillness I heard a sharp quick sound—"click." I held my breath and listened; every nerve strained to the utmost. "That sounded to me very much like the sound of a pistol being cocked. Absurd; no one carries pistols now. Americans, especially, always carry revolvers." Again, click. "This is the second time," I thought. Still not a trace of any movement. The rug under which Douglas was sleeping at the other end of the carriage, and from which the sound came, did not move. I noiselessly passed my hand under my head, and felt for my six-shooter. Thank God, it was there. I grasped it and laid my hand on the

trigger; and thinking of the favorite plan of shooting a man through one's pocket, I turned the muzzle of my trusty friend towards Douglas. All this without speaking a word.

"He will have the first shot at any rate," thought I; "but I shall be able to return it before he has fired a second. But alone with two men who are doubtless armed, I shall have a poor chance." I cannot tell you the rapidly with which the thoughts went through my mind—thoughts of sin unabashed strangely intermingled with others of calm, unpitied hate towards my enemy. But I remained silent. Once more a sharp click, I nearly fired—thank God I did not—and then again, click, click, click, in quick succession. "Ah, my friend," thought I, "I see what you are about? You are turning your revolver round, in order to place the caps on the nipples." And again, click, click. I could not help it. I strung myself up to the task, and asked with a cold calmness which makes me almost shudder to think of it: "What the devil is that noise?"

"I am only winding up my watch!" What an idiot I am, and doubtless you will all concur in the statement. Very well; wait a little. I immediately wound up my own watch which had been forgotten, and determined to go to sleep. "What is the use of all these absurd suspicions," I reasoned.

At last, with my hand on my revolver, I went to sleep. I slept well, but awoke suddenly. No! Yes! There, as plain as possible, stood Douglas by my side. The hammer of my revolver was raised within a hair's breadth of the point at which it would fall and strike the cap. Should I fire or not?

In the dead of night to be roused suddenly from one's sleep is startling, but to see a man stooping over you when you do awake, is decidedly very startling, indeed, especially if you have reason to suspect him of bad intentions.

And now, with my finger pressed firmly upon the trigger, but without any attempt to leap to my feet, as I had at first thought of doing, I watched him. He looked hard at me. I did not move, and then I saw him take out something which glittered in the moonlight: it was a key. And then he leaned over me. Then said I with a feeling of rage in my heart: "What on earth are you doing?"

He was so startled that he almost fell backwards. This sudden movement nearly made me fire; and then he answered: "I am only going to take something out of my bag."

This bag, as I told you, was in the netting over my head; hence he was obliged to lean over me to reach it. I said, very bad-temperedly: "Take it down then." He muttered to himself, and got the bag down. He little thought that there was a hair's breadth between him and death. If he could have looked through my rug, he would have seen the muzzle of my revolver pointed to his heart.

He turned aside, keeping an eye on me all the while, and took something from his bag. What it was, I could not see. Then he went back and lay down, and all was still. What was it he had taken from his bag? I could not sleep; I dared not turn my back to them both. They lay so quietly without a sound of breathing that I was sure they were not asleep. At length, by way of hastening matters, I pretended to sleep; I breathed heavily; I do not know whether I did not give a snore. However, nothing happened. I grew more and more sleepy; I was worn out, ill as I was, with the fatigue of my long journey. Soon, however, the train stopped. This was the only station at which we should pause for the next six or seven hours. I got a strong cup of coffee, and returned. I was determined not to change into another carriage; I was determined to conquer these foolish feelings, no doubt created by the wretched state of my nerves.

I opened the door of my compartment, and paused for a moment near to the seat, where Douglas was lying. That moment, as I afterwards found, nearly cost me my life. With a voice like thunder, Douglas leaped to his feet, and asked me what I was doing.

With inexpressible politeness, I answered that I had been into the station; I wondered if he wished to pick a quarrel with me.

He did not reply, except by a surly grumble. I went and lay down as before; I could not keep awake. At last, giving myself up to my fate, I turned my face to the wall of the carriage, and with my revolver in my hand, went off into a sound sleep. The next morning came. Went into the station and performed our scanty ablutions together. And then, all looking very tired and very thankful day had come, we gradually began to talk with civility to each other.

Douglas asked me what kind of a night I had passed.

I laughed and said: "Not a very good one." "For my part," said he, "I did not sleep a wink the whole night."

At last, the whole reason of these alarms came out. The night before, when we were getting ready for bed, he had noticed the butt of my revolver sticking out of my pocket. This aroused his suspicions. He began, as I had done, to think over what might happen. He thought of me at Baden-Baden with his bank-notes, and of himself lying out in the woods, and of the affection one of those wolves would have shown for a full-sized American; and so his nerves were shaky, just as mine had been. His suspicions were also aroused by the way in which I had asked what the noise was when he was winding up his watch.

At last he could not rest, and going very gently and with great caution, lest he should arouse the slumbering lion with his revolver,

he unlocked his bag, and drew out of it a formidable six-shooter also. He knew of the plan of firing without exposing one's weapon to sight, and expected he said, to feel my bullet in his body every moment he stood exposed with his arms raised to the netting over my head. Then, when I came in from the station, he was suddenly aroused from a doze, and it was with the greatest difficulty, for a moment, that he refrained from firing. Had either of us given way to our first impulse, we should have probably gone on firing our six barrels at one another until one of us could fire no longer, and then the other would have had to pop the body through the window, and say no more about it, and whether confessing the fact or not, have run a good chance of being sent off to the mines of Siberia, without any more questions being asked. After a mutual explosion of laughter, we became excellent friends, and travelled together in much harmony to Berlin.

The moral I drew from this adventure is, a word and a blow, but the word first.

BIRTH-SONG.

BY WILLIAM FREELAND.

Let winds and waters murmur clear;
More sweet this infant voice to me,
That comes as from the golden sphere
Where thrills the soul of harmony:
Blow tempest, and let thunder roll—
God gives us this immortal soul.

Let sceptres flash, and senates shake;
The war-steed neigh, the trumpet blow;
Let banners strike the wind, and make
A splendour where the warriors go;
What heed we? War may rage and roll—
God gives us this immortal soul.

Let science glimmer on the brine,
Bind isle to isle, and clime to clime;
And on the ocean's lyric line,
Let lightning twang the psalms of time;
Triumph! Let the music roll—
God gives us this immortal soul.

Or, in this soul, serene and clear,
All mortal and immortal shine:
Eternity, a single year,
Thought glowing into light divine:
Bend, bend the knee! let anthems roll
For God's sweet gift, a virgin soul!

BOOKSHELVES.

Lord Bacon speaks of a man who marries and children as one who has given hostages to time. The image is much more applicable to the man who frequents bookshops and collects in time a large and costly library. The largest family and the most incompetent wife are manageable, portable, and quite considerable matters compared to a large and precious collection of books. Children and wives can mostly walk about more or less, in and out of a house, and into a carriage or train. And if they get wet and damp they can dry themselves, and they will not let the most jolting conveyance damage their backs—in all which particulars they differ from books. It is strange that Lord Bacon should not have given weight to these considerations. Perhaps the fact that his books were a comfort to him and his wife was very much the reverse accounts for his overlooking them. And men were more stationary in those days, and did not so often have to contemplate the removal of a houseful of books. In these locomotive times the feat has to be accomplished not unfrequently; and a trial it is to a man's nerve, endurance, and stock of resignation.

It is on these occasions of removal, bad enough under any circumstances, that the whole value of bookshelves is revealed to us. Their silent, unobtrusive service, which we take for the most part without thought, is apt to make us ungratefully forget that without them we might have books but we could not have a library. The breaking-up of a library is the taking to pieces of an organized thing. It is dissection, almost vivisection. The library as library for the time being ceases to exist, and in place of it we have nothing but heaps, bundles, or boxes full of books. The ordered and disciplined array of a well-bound literary army has been exchanged for confusion, disorder, and almost mutiny. The picked corps in Russia and Morocco, the inferior forces in calf, have all been broken up; their compact and serried ranks, regular and imposing as the spears of a Macedonian phalanx, are dissolved into a demoralized and crestfallen mob of scattered volumes, a rout, a *saute qui peut*, of the biblical host. The owner of the host sits amid ruins, more pensive than Marius amid the ruins of Carthage, for he has two reflections which the great consul had not; he is most likely the cause of the ruin himself, having brought it about by change of residence; secondly, he knows that he will have to re-edify the building which has been destroyed, to evolve a new cosmos out of the chaos before him, and he must be very buoyant or very inexperienced if he is not depressed. But before we come to the reconstruction of a library, its packing and transport deserves a few words. We never get a fair idea of the physical bulk of books till we take them from their shelves and begin to pack them up; we then also realize their enormous weight. How are they to be transferred when

their number and the distance they have to go are both considerable? Carpenters can no doubt make packing-cases; but this is not only somewhat costly, but the article supplied is generally needlessly bulky and heavy and the cases after the removal are at once a loss and an intolerable lumber. The trade, which very likely knows the best thing to be done, uses discharged tea-chests, and perhaps there is nothing better attainable. The tea-chest has much to recommend it as a means for carrying books. It is made of very thin but very tough wood, such as no native carpenter could turn out. On the other hand, it is apt to present vicious nails which lacerate backs and bindings, and inflict ghastly wounds on margins and leaves, and it generally lacks a cover, which has to be supplied of brittle and flimsy deal. Still the demand for old tea-chests proves that up to the present time they have no rival in the transport of books, and sometimes it is difficult to procure them. Generally they can be had for a shilling each.

But painful as may be the dismantling of a library, it is nothing to its reconstruction. When books in large numbers have arrived at their new home, we realize the task before us of putting them up. We may have brought book-cases from the old house, but ten to one they will not fit the new rooms. And if by a miracle they do, in what "admired disorder" are our treasures presented to us! Folios and pocket editions side by side, quartos and octavos in adulterous and forbidden conjunction. However, they must be got out and up somehow, or the house is not habitable, and then you are made aware of the tyranny of possession which books can display. That Plantus, which you put on shelf B merely because he was an octavo, and you happened to have come upon a run of octavos, and you must find a lodging for him somewhere, has no right to be there where he is. He is cheek by jowl with Kant and Hegel, and you vow he must find another place among the Latin classics of the dramatists, if you classify by subjects. Yet unless you are one of those overpoweringly energetic people who never put off anything, the chances are he will maintain his position against you for a long while. You can easily pull him out, doubtless, but where is he to go to? Your classical shelf is chokeful; and as for the dramatic shelf, Dyce's Shakespeare and recent curiosity about the Spanish drama have made it hopeless to seek a refuge there. Another trial awaits the bibliophile who has yielded to the too tempting attractions of small Pickering's, Didots, or even of the Bibliothèque Elzévirienne. These gems of typography are the vermin of libraries. The tiny, imponderable tones easily escape the discipline which their heavier colleagues submit to. On any ordinary shelf they are lost. And then where is one to put them? The natural impulse is to send them up to the upper shelves—to the attics of the book mansion. We cannot have them on the convenient level where books in daily use are lodged. And yet, up aloft there, they are out of sight, and their minute beauties are wasted and disfigured by dust and cobwebs. Perhaps the best plan is to have them, like any other curiosities, in a cabinet or on the table, if the latter can be kept free from new publications.—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

DOMESTIC USES OF GAS.

A recent number of *Land and Water* urged the more frequent use of gas for cooking purposes, and described some of the machines now manufactured. Besides this useful employment of gas, it may, with great economy, convenience and advantage, be resorted to for warming purposes. For rooms occasionally used, and in which a means of obtaining an agreeable warmth can be quickly resorted to, nothing is comparable to gas. For heating halls and small conservatories (the latter under certain reservations presently explained) gas-stoves are to be recommended, and as they can now be found in most shops, are free from the objections that have been found heretofore to exist. In selecting a gas-stove, the first essential is, that the combustion shall be on the atmospheric principle. The peculiarity of this is that the gas opens at a certain regulated distance from the burners, and when the pressure is turned on carries with it an admixture of atmospheric air before being ignited. When this adjustment has been properly made, the combustion is perfect, and all impurities are consumed. No smell whatever should arise from an atmospheric gas-burner, i.e., from the gas itself; when effluvia is perceptible, it will have been caused by the material of which the stove is made, or by superheating its surface. The proper materials for the casing of a gas-stove are terra-cotta or wrought iron. Cast iron should under no circumstances whatever be allowed, for its properties when heated have been shown to be most deleterious. For a small stove terra-cotta is excellent, and, moreover, is cheap and pleasant-looking. A very good atmospheric stove of small size, with terra-cotta casing, can be bought for 10s. 6d., and any gasfitter or smith can make the necessary attachments to the nearest gaspipe or burner. All gas-stoves should be supplied with a saucer or pan for evaporation of water; this should be kept full, and it will be found that the over dryness of hot air generally obtained from gas-stoves is thus prevented. A teaspoonful of Condry's fluid to the proportion of a gallon of water can be recommended as most healthful and pleasant, if used to replenish the evaporating saucer. The

terra-cotta stove itself may also be saturated with water occasionally before lighting the gas. A room over one in which a gas-stove is frequently in use may be economically warmed by casing the stove in thin sheet iron or block tin, and carrying it up in reduced diameter through the ceiling to a grating in the floor of the room above. In America, scarcely a house is without some kindred contrivance by which heat is economized, and every stove, even, indeed, the cooking range, which gives out radiating heat in one room, is made available to others on an upper level. A terra-cotta stove of larger size, or, better still, two or three such as described, inclosed in a metal casing of suitable dimensions, with a cold-air tube bringing in fresh air from outside the building, and shafts conducting the air when warmed to the rooms above, might, at small expense, be contrived so as to warm a basement hall, and carry hot air into various apartments overhead.

The convenience, cleanliness and economy of gas as a means of heating seem to have been but very grudgingly recognized; now that fuel is so costly, and gas is so generally brought into every house, there is a field for an ingenious manufacturer to turn it to good account; pending this meanwhile any gentleman who wishes to warm his house cheaply and by very simple means is recommended to try the construction of such an apparatus as is here described. For heating water for the supply of a bath or toilet purposes gas is very handy. A capital apparatus of the kind is one manufactured by Strode & Co., in which the amount of water in the bath may be large or small as wished, the circulation being effected in an upright conical boiler fed from a cistern, or, if wished, from the bath itself, so as to allow in the latter case the wished-for quantity of water drawn into the bath, and then, when heated to the proper degree, the gas is shut off. In the usual gas-heated baths the water in them must be filled to a certain level corresponding to the height of the upper circulating pipe attached to the boiler. When a hot-water service has been provided in a house, especially in a detached building in the country, the ordinary mode by which the water is heated by the kitchen range, and rises by hydrostatic pressure to the several hot-water taps, is constantly a source of annoyance, accident and expense; but by using gas as the means to heat a boiler placed on the level of the chamber floors, the danger is lessened. Moreover, as hot water is usually in demand at nearly stated hours in the day, the heat need only be then applied, a high temperature being quickly attainable. For heating conservatories by gas, the best application of the heat is to enclose the stove in a T-shaped casing, on the upper arms of which is a long shallow trough kept supplied with water. In such case there should be an outlet from the body of the stove into a flue, so that the over-heated air and the products of combustion can be carried off. To economize the heat, however, the pipe that is inserted into the stove should be carried around the upper part, or else should open into the flue at some considerable height from the ground.

In utilizing gas for purposes of heat, it should be remembered that gas of the highest illuminating power does not give out the greatest heat; when, therefore, Paternallias complains of dull light, he may draw some consolation from the thought he is gaining in another direction if he uses gas stoves or gas furnace.—*Land and Water.*

A MECHANIC MARVEL.

A German of Cincinnati has on exhibition, in the window of a jeweler of that city, a complicated piece of mechanism, which he calls "die Lebensuhr" (the clock of life). It will be seen, from the following description, that it is truly a mechanical marvel:

We see, in a glass case, a three-story steeple-shaped clock, four feet wide at the first story, and nine feet high. The movement is placed in the second story, in four delicate columns, within which swings the untiring pendulum, which, in the significant form of a beehive. Behind the pendulum there is a picture representing mature manhood—a countryman behind his plow. The four corners are carved, and represent the four periods of life, infancy, youth, manhood, and age. The spaces to the right and left of the clock are ornamented with two oil paintings, representing the spring-time of life (children playing in a garden), and the autumn or end of life (grave-diggers in a cemetery). The second story consists of two tower-like pieces, on the doors of which there are two pictures that represent boyhood and early manhood. In the one a boy is just pushing his little bark away from the lake shore. He stands upright in the boat, and points to it, "distance, he is about to begin life—"to paddle his own canoe." In the other, young man who has already made some progress in the journey of life, enters a room in which there is an hour-glass that reminds him of the fleetness of time. On this story there are three guardian angels. A majestic tower crowns, as a third story, the ingenious structure. A clock, as a symbol of watchfulness, stands on the top, directly over the portal, which opens the tower in front. On this portal there is a painting, which represents the perishableness of earthly things. The entire structure is, in appearance, very like an old Gothic castle. Now, let us see if we can describe the mechanical action of the clock. When it marks the first quarter, the door of the left

piece of the second story opens, and we see a child issue from the background, come forward to a little bell, give it one blow, and then disappear. At the second quarter a youth appears, strikes the bell twice, and then disappears; at the third, there comes a man in his prime; at the fourth, we have a tottering old man, leaning on a staff, who strikes the bell four times. Each time the door closes of itself. When the hours are full, the door of the right piece of the second story opens, and death, as skeleton, scythe in hand, appears, and marks the hours by striking a bell. But it is at the twelfth hour that we have the grand spectacle in the representation of the day of judgment. Then, when death has struck three blows on the little bell, the clock on the top of the tower suddenly flaps his wings, and crows in a shrill tone; and after death has marked the twelfth hour with his hammer he crows again twice. Immediately three angels, who stand as guardians in a central position, raise their trumpet with their right hands (in their left they hold swords) and blow a blast towards each of the four corners. At the last blast the door opens and the resurrected children of the earth appear, while the destroying angel sinks out of sight. The multitude stand for a moment full of awe and wonder, when, suddenly, Christ, in all His Majesty, descends, surrounded by angels. On His left, there is an angel who holds the scales of justice; on His right another carries the book of life which opens, to show the Alpha and Omega—the beginning and the end. Christ waves his hand, and instantly the good among the resurrected are separated from the wicked—the former going to the right, the latter to the left. The archangel Michael salutes the good, while on the other side, stands the devil radiant with fiendish delight—he can hardly wait for the final sentence of those who call to him, but in obedience to the command of a central figure he withdraws. The figure of Christ raises His hand again, with a threatening mien, and the accursed sink down to the realms of his satanic majesty. Then Jesus Christ blesses the chosen few, who draw near to him. Finally, we hear a cheerful chime of bells, during which Christ rises, surrounded by His angels until he disappears, and the portal closes. We look with amazement on this exhibition of the mechanic's ingenuity; a complete drama is here represented, without the aid of a human hand. And what excites our admiration still more, is the perfection of all the movements. They are steady, calm and noiseless, with the exception of the threatening gestures of the figure of Christ and the movements of Lucifer, who darts across the scene with lightning rapidity. Of course, the peculiar action of these two figures is intentional on the part of the artist, and adds greatly to the effect.—*Appleton's Journal.*

CONCEPTIONS OF GOD.

Though faith in God seems to belong to the race, to be native to the human mind, notwithstanding the doubts of many and the denials of few, it takes a variety of forms. We read in the Book of Genesis that man was made in the image of God, but the converse is no less true: Man conceives of God on the model and after the likeness of himself, consequently the deities of human adoration have for the most part been colossal men, reflecting not only the virtues but also the vices of their worshippers. The religions of the world are tainted with what is called Anthropomorphism—the conception of God in the form and likeness of man. The god of the savage is as capricious, cruel and revengeful as his devotees. The divinities of each nation, and of every age, embody the wants and characteristics of that period or nation. The gods of Greece and Rome, of Africa and India, differ as widely, and in precisely the same points, as do the peoples of these nations, and the religion of any age, like its literature, manners, laws, is the expression of its character and tendencies. God is everywhere synonymous with intellectual and moral perfection. But our conceptions of the perfect are progressive, like ourselves, and are never invariable and fixed. It is a standard which advances with every growth of capacity and character, so that what is perfect to one is imperfect to another. The man of large genius, of cultivated conscience, of heroic will, of pure affections, demands and obtains a far loftier ideal than the man of inferior moral stature. No enlightened mind, stored with the results of centuries of thought and struggle, will rest satisfied with the divinities of the ancient world—with Hebrew Jehovah, Roman Jove, or the Odin and Thor of our Scandinavian forefathers. These divinities were doubtless right enough in their time and place, but now they have ceased to command the ardent worship of culture and civilization. To the Greek, with his artistic taste and quick poetic sensibilities, the gods were the types and personifications of material grandeur and of intellectual beauty. The ambient air, the dome of blue, with its gorgeous strata of cloud, was Zeus, the sky-god. In the dawn, many-tinted, purple-robed—in the splendor of noon-day, and in the evening glories of the western sky, he saw the steeds and chariot of Phoebus Apollo, the radiant god of the sun; and the moon, shining in silver loveliness amid the starry lights, was Artemis, the Queen of Heaven. Stream and lake, grove and meadow, had their presiding and appropriate genii; and the murmur of the brook, the music of the wind, the mid-day's rural hum, were echoes of the melodies of Pan. These, and such as these, were the deities of his reverence and love. He worshipped them with dance and song, and

sought their favor with offerings culled from the garden and the fields, and with the accumulated spoils of conquest. The deities of Rome, though akin to those of Greece, were of a different type—more statesmanlike and martial—the revealers of political wisdom and law, such as became the conquerors and law-givers of the world. They represent and embody the genius of the Latin race.—*The Truthseeker.*

SMOKELESS EXPLOSIVES FOR SPORTING GUNS.

To invent a sporting explosive which should be "smokeless," and at the same time shoot with the regularity of gunpowder, has been the object of numerous practical sportsmen and of chemists for the last fifty years. Until, however, within the last four or five years no "practically" safe and efficient sporting explosive resulted from the amount of attention bestowed on the subject. Amongst these inventions, that of gun-cotton is first worthy of note, inasmuch as it approached nearer to the required desiderata for a sporting explosive—i. e., smokelessness—than any other invention having cellulose tissue as a basis. In 1832, M. Braconnot, a chemist of Nancy, in France, in treating starch with concentrated azotic acid was led to the discovery of a pulverulent and combustible product, to which he gave the name of leycoldine. This discovery was passed over, nevertheless, with but little notice, till in 1838 M. Pelouze, a chemist of some celebrity, resuming the labors of M. Braconnot, discovered that the very simple matters, paper, cotton, linen, and a variety of tissues, as well as other substances, possess the fulminating property attributed to starch. It remained, however, for Professor Schonbein, of Basle, to adapt this discovery to firearms in the form and substance known as gun-cotton. This explosive is prepared by steeping cotton-wool for a longer or shorter period in a mixture of nitric and sulphuric acids, thoroughly washing and then drying at a gentle heat. It consists, chemically, of the essential elements of gunpowder—i. e., carbon, nitrogen, and oxygen; but, in addition, it contains another highly elastic gas—hydrogen. The carbon in the fibres of the wool presents to the action of flame a most extended surface in a small space, and the result is an explosion approaching as near as possible to the instantaneous: in consequence of its rapid ignition, the recoil of the gun is most violent. Sufficient time is not given to put the charge in motion, hence it is not looked upon with favor as a projectile agent amongst sportsmen. In addition to such a serious defect as the foregoing, gun-cotton possesses an unhappy knack of spontaneous combustion when in the act of drying after being damped, either purposely to keep it safe in store, or from the result of exposure to the atmosphere. One would imagine that the recent awful explosion at Stowmarket and dreadful loss of life was sufficient warning to our Government to desist from attempting to thrust it into the hands of the army and navy for engineering purposes. We are informed, however, that, much against the wish and expressed opinion of the most eminent engineers of the day, such is their intention. The Prussian Government, after many trials, rejected gun-cotton from their arsenals, adopting, instead, the new explosive called "Lithofractor," manufactured by Messrs. Krebs & Co., of Cologne. As Lithofractor cannot explode unless ignited by a detonating fuse, one would imagine that our Government would follow the example of the Prussians and adopt it for mining and engineering purposes. We are given to understand, however, that a "special Act" was hurried through the Legislature to prohibit the use of nitro-glycerine in this country; and, as it happens, in a small measure, to be one of the component parts of Lithofractor, the country at large is prohibited from traffic in the article.—*Gentleman's Magazine.*

CLIPS FROM SCHOOL EXAMINATIONS.

Among the really awful facts disclosed by the English Schools' Inquiring Commission, are some which, in spite of the sad condition of things which they reveal, are exquisitely comical. The richest development of the latter is to be found in the reports of examination. For example, take the following from an examination of a class in Geography from an "Upper Class" Girls' school. The questions were on a half year's work on the United States, Scotland, and Ireland. The answers are as rich as any obtained at Cornell University last fall. Of course we pick the worst ones:—

"United States is remarkable for its ruins. Each State manages its own affairs; has a Counsel-General appointed by the people, and a Governor by the queen. Each State has a king chosen by the people, and a House of Commons and of Lords."

"The Capital of the United States is Mexico. It is governed by a queen; a council and two representatives. It is very subject to earthquakes, and all the houses are built low in consequence."

"The population of Scotland is 2,300,000 square miles." (Repeated by two others *totidem verbis*.)

"The religion of Scotland is Protestant, and the people are Catholics."

"One quarter of the inhabitants of the globe live in Scotland. Oats are the favourite food of the people."

"The climate of Scotland is in a thriving condition."

"Ireland is nice and clean in some places and dirty in others. It exports tallow candles and cork."

"Ireland is flat; the occupation of the people is to dig potatoes. Its ports are Aberdeen and Dundee, and it exports fish."

If anything could beat the foregoing, it was the spelling of a hopeful, eleven years old, found in a boys' school. This is the way he did it, the occasion evidently being a "dictation exercise."

"The Arabs have all been wandering tribes, and have dell in tenests amid the trackless deserts which cover a large portion of their country. There early history is very imperfectly known. The first event that is wort recording was the birt of Mahomet. This took place at Meccce, a saty on the border of the red sea in the year 570 of the Cinatien era. Till the age of twelve Mahomet was a Goaml drive in the dester. He after was spent much of his time in Solude. His dwelling was a losome cave weri he pretended to be employed in pray mitation. When he was forter year yold he set up for a prophp."

We presume that the little fellow got no credit for his spelling of the last word. He certainly ought to have received one for originality.

PRACTICAL WISDOM.

Rich mental endowments, great genius, brilliant parts, have often existed in company with very glaring deficiency in what may be called understanding; while there is a certain stability of judgment and soundness of sense which is often found in those who have no intellectual ability to boast of. Indeed, a trustworthiness of understanding; almost invariably marks those who have a practical rather than a scientific acquaintance with facts. The old sailor knows nothing of nautical astronomy, azimuths, and right ascension, and the solution of spherical triangles have no charm and little meaning to him; but he can scan the sea and the sky, and warn of a coming danger, with a matured wisdom which all the keen intellect and ready mathematics of the young lieutenant could not supply. The man who has travelled much through a certain country accumulates a store of useful information, and can give hints of practical wisdom, which no deep study of geological system of antiquarian research could afford. It is true, too, that a practical wisdom is gained by the careful student of the Scriptures; he gains an understanding of experience, for which no stores of historical erudition or scientific information can possibly prove an adequate compensation. Like the old sailor, the face of sea and sky has grown familiar to him; he knows its varying expression, and as a child can read in his mother's face the shade of care or the expression of displeasure which sleeps beneath an unruffled brow, so can he read the premonitory hints of changing weather and coming storm. He may know little of the spirit of politics, the discoveries of genius, or the speculations of the wise; but he has studied the Bible and his own heart; he knows the meaning of every shading cloud which comes across either; he can hardly explain how or in what way danger comes, but he knows from symptoms clear and true that it is coming. "I have sailed these seas," he will say, "I have fathomed their depths; I know every glittering star that rises and falls. I watch for it, as I watch for the coming of a friend; and I know the bright steadfast star by which I steer, and which guides me ever right."—*The Quiver.*

LINED INSIDE.

I was in a drug store in Elmira, when I rushed a fellow who called for a pound of camphor, and downed the whole of it. It was a surprise party to me, and I said, "What the deuce did he do that for?"

"Why," said drugs, "he is lined."

"Lined," says I; "what's that?"

Then he told me. Some years ago a gentleman who was about to give a dinner party spent a whole week showing his servant how to make mock turtle soup. When the day came she made the mock and the turtle and the soup all right and just as she was about to pour in a bottle of claret, a little boy entered, singing, "Everything is lovely, and the goose hangs high," which distracted her attention, and she made a mistake and poured in a bottle of hair tonic.

"Did it make hair soup?" said I, meekly.

"Alas," said he, "the results were sad."

"What were the results?" said I, becoming interested.

Said he, "Didn't I just say they were sad?"

"But how did the mock turtle turn out?" said I.

"Ah," said he, "two went to the Morgue, four went to the hospital, and all who didn't die were called survivors, and that fellow you just saw was one of them."

"What did he swallow so much camphor for?"

"Well," said he, "that tonic started the hair growing down his throat, and he took the camphor to keep the moths out."

A Chinaman was summoned as a witness in New York the other day, and to ascertain his views on the nature of an oath, the judge asked him what would be his punishment if he should swear to lies. "I shall never return to China, but always remain in New York," was the reply, and he was at once sworn.

For the Favorite.

WINONA; OR, THE FOSTER-SISTERS.

BY ISABELLA VALANCY CRAWFORD,

OF PETERBORO', ONT.

Author of "The Silvers' Christmas Eve," "Wrecked; or, the Rosclerras of Mistree," &c., &c.

CHAPTER XVII.

MISS BERTRAND'S NEW CONQUEST.

"Glad to see you, I'm sure," said Spooner, kindling into a faint animation, as Archie strode into the reading room of the Rossin, where he was improving his mind with a relishing murder case from one of the English papers. All Spooner's predilections and ideas were of the faintest kind; but by a strange anomaly his soul panted for the most gory and hair-raising literature that could be procured. He would not willingly have injured a kitten, but his heart sang within him when he lighted on such pleasing domestic tragedies as young agricultural gentlemen of acquisitive idiosyncrasies smashing the heads of their venerable bedridden relatives, in order to possess themselves of the sum of "two bob and a tanner," as one youth playfully mentioned it in his last speech and confession.

Engrossed as Spooner was in a spicy account of the murder of a whole family of promising children by their affectionate father, he flung down the paper and got up to welcome Archie, who was a great favorite with his brother officers. Faint rumors of Archie's adventures in the wilds were rife amongst his set in Toronto, and as it had got about that Cecil Bertrand had "sold" herself about him, he returned to find himself a man of some note. Cecil was reported to be "down no end of a pit" about the affair; and as there were heavy bets pending as to whether she'd "hook" him again or not, his presence was very much required.

"Jove, sir!" said Spooner, shaking hands with him, "I'm glad you're back. It's no end of dull work here just now; nothing but gurls (he was not long from school), and a fellow gets bored to death with the way a fellow's hunted up, you know. Eh? you know?"

"I understand," laughed Archie. "How are you all getting on? How's the charming Flora?"

Flora was the pretty presiding deity at the flower shop, about whom Spooner was always in a state of profound despair. He bought stacks of flowers and lingered in the perfumed neighborhood of her bower at all hours, sucking his cane and adoring her through the eye-glass, watched grimly from the opposite side of the road by young Damask, the upholsterer, who was "engaged" to the pretty Flora, and who had been known to utter dark and malign speeches concerning the precarious hold Ensign Spooner would have on this life "if he caught him at it!"

"It's a deuce of a shame, you know, the way she treats a fellow," replied Spooner, sentimentally; "I've nearly ruined myself buying flowers from her. Why, there's not a book at my rooms but is full of them pressed, and I have to keep giving them away to other gurls, and then they fancy a fellow means something, you know. She's the star of my existence; and whatever sinister view my grandmother and aunts may take of me and call me a young fool, which they have not hesitated to do before this, I'll make her the bride of a soldier and carve out a fortune for her on the battle-field; besides which, you know, my uncle Joe allows me a hundred a year. She's a regular downright angel, you know, and I can't live without her."

Spooner's juvenile affection, to do him justice, was an honest sentiment, such as it was, and very ardent for the time.

"Well, with that little affair on your hands, you can't find it so dull," remarked Archie, smiling.

Every one liked Spooner, and with Archie, who had a natural affinity to everything that tended towards the best and purest, the honest,

simple-minded boy was a great favorite, and in return, he was the confidant of Spooner's love troubles.

"Oh, well," said Spooner, ruefully, "you see you can't manage to call in more than once a day, and then it gashes one's feelings most awfully to find her most likely behind the oleander bushes talking to that Damask, the red-headed beast! Billiards are all very well, but they don't seem much when your existence is a howling wilderness, only inhabited by a grandmother and aunts who are always down on a fellow with tracts and wholesome advice if a fellow's letter home only smells of a cigar. Macer was a bit of excitement, but he's gone."

"Macer," said Archie, thoughtfully. "I remember I met him with Denville. Man with a great black beard, wasn't he?"

"Yes," said Spooner, "and played a jolly good game. He left here the morning after you passed through. Going home to Scotland, he said."

Archie nodded. Macer's face was vividly before him, though he had seen him only twice, for a brief instant each time, but how often have we all seen faces flitting past in a crowd that haunt us for years, with no volition of our

measurably more so, than death itself, had he married Cecil before his eyes were open to her true character, and as yet he did not know what a dark shadow her falsehood had thrown across the light of his gentle sister's life. He had received no hint from Olla that Cecil had written announcing her engagement to Theodore Denville. Had he known this, how many bitter hours it might have spared poor Olla!

People found him, Archie, exceedingly reticent concerning his adventures, and no amount of "chaff" drew an enlightening retort from him. He let them speculate to their hearts' content, and extraordinary were the romances that grew out of faint inklings of truth and strong touches of the imagination.

Cecil was in, not despair, she was too young and pretty for that, but she found she had placed herself in a dilemma, from which it would take all her tact to extricate herself. Lovely as she was, men who knew the story of the Frazer-Denville affair, though they flattered as of yore, avoided sentiment, and, what was a great deal more injurious to her "matrimonial chances," people laughed at her "discomfiture." A woman may, and often does, ride triumphant over a tempest of hate, slander and malice, but show me the

thing of that nature, in the possession of which, the higher and vaster his love, the greater power to do and dare amongst his fellow-men develops. A student, he had known no life beyond his books; a lover, the dream of fame was forgotten, and he lived but in his love. He might, as a soldier, a statesman, even an artist, have risen on the wings of fiery enthusiasm, but he could not entertain in his soul a second guest.

Had his steps not strayed into the golden mists and fragrant paths of rose-bordered love-land, whence he had no power to emerge, his life would have known nothing of its sweet influence.

To do Cecil justice, her ideas of love represented merely a state in which the sterner sex became decidedly "soft," and developed a pleasing tendency to bestow gifts on the objects of their affections. Of the great life of the heart she was totally ignorant; of the tragic possibilities or lovely hopes that the potent wizard, love, might trace on the web of life, she neither knew nor cared, and according to her light so must she be judged.

He was a handsome lad, innately elegant and refined, and it pleased her vanity that he should grace her triumph. She had no vision of her chariot wheels crimsoning themselves in his blood. Archie and she bowed when they met and passed on smiling, but if ever Cecil knew a real, substantial sentiment, it was a keen desire to revenge the failure of her plans on him whom she had deliberately cast off. As for Archie, occasionally he felt a little ashamed that, like Romeo, he had so speedily lost all memory of his love for Rosaline in the present power of his affection for Juliet.

And so the first snow fell, and the fetters of ice were cast on the mighty waters of the land!

CHAPTER XVIII.

SIDNEY'S ADVENTURE.

The air was full of life that nipped your blood until it danced through your veins glowing and tingling. The sky was a real Canadian winter sky, cloudless and intensely blue, with a sun rolling through it like an orb of lustrous gold. The solemn pines were

crested with snow, and the limbs of every tree, the outline of every object open to the weather were traced in the pearly shower, that drifted before the frolicsome wind, like a fine vapor, in wreaths that caught a diamond glitter from the morning sun.

It was a morning to walk or drive fast, to think hopefully of leaden troubles, to feel an exhilaration of the brain and heart that no breath of summer ever brought, a morning on which it was impossible to fold the hands and say "I despair." It was intensely cold, cold enough to whiten the black beard and moustache of a gentleman walking briskly along the Brampton road, and cold enough to have formed ice half a foot deep on currentless pools and still waters, though the St. Lawrence still rolled proudly free, soon however to succumb to the breath of King Frost.

The Brampton road was a quiet country highway, not lacking a few hundred acres of dense forest, for a part of its length, a cedar swamp unavailable for culture, smelling spicily in the clear air, and making a densely green avenue paved this morning with virgin snow, and as dazzling in the sunlight as an enchanted road of burnished silver.

Up this radiant white path the solitary pedestrian strode, admiring nature through a pair of blue-tinted spectacles, and whistling merrily as he faced the wind; a tall, black form in the universal brightness, occasionally standing aside, as a gay cutter whirled past, all jingling silver bells and waving fox-skins, or a wood or wheat sleigh glided past, the owner perched aloft cracking his long whip, serenely content as he carried his honestly toiled-for wealth to a secure market.

Emerging from the swamp, he came on a deep pool by the road-side, coated with lucid ice, and shining amid the snow like a diamond laid on ivory. Fringed daintily with low, feathery cedars, their dark green flecked with snow, and guarded by a mighty pine, that reared its dark spire into the cloudless blue; every branch and clinging cone, defined blackly as though carved in jet, against its dazzling background.

A snake-fence railed it from the road, and the gentleman paused by it for a moment and looked through his blue spectacles at the glittering pool.

Two young girls were flying hither and



"SIDNEY'S ADVENTURE."

own in the matter? Rising like a spectre and so departing.

Archie and Spooner strolled up King street, and then the former left him and went to the offices of the two principal papers and left with each a copy of an advertisement, to appear in their daily issues. It contained an accurate description of Winona, and offered a handsome reward to any one who would bring intelligence of her to the advertiser. Archie did not stop here, for against the evening the dead walls and fences were alive with small posters containing a repetition of the advertisement. It was placed in bar-rooms, saloons, close to churches, on the wharves, headed by the magic word in large capitals, "Reward." In order to avoid question and remark, the two dailies appeared as the advertisers, and none suspected how nearly Archie was connected with the mysterious placards that excited no little comment and curiosity amongst those who have time to be curious in the hurry and bustle of a Canadian city.

It was, in the course of a week, scattered broadcast over Upper and Lower Canada, and copied into every paper along the front, but for some time there came not the slightest clue to the missing girl.

Archie developed a restlessness, and at times an irritability quite foreign to his usual even and cordial nature; and people remarked on it in various ways. Some said the breaking off of his engagement with Miss Bertrand was the cause; but as that young lady allowed him to see that he could easily remedy that if he were so minded, the gossips were at fault as to the cause of the change in him. When off duty he haunted the depots and the wharves; but of course no one dreamed of connecting the disappearance of the Indian girl with the romantic name and Archie's disquietude.

He kept out of Cecil's way carefully, for he had not the faintest desire to renew the old tie between them; and the gossip of the city soon informed him as to Miss Bertrand's true reason for casting him off.

He laughed to himself good-humoredly at the manner in which the little coquette had dug a pit for her own dainty feet, and thanked his good angel that had led him out of her toils in time. It would have been as bitter, nay, im-

woman who does not succumb to the shafts of ridicule!

Any hope of bringing Prancer up "to the point" had faded into thin air, and Cecil, for the first time during her society life found herself without a betrothal ring blazing forth her triumphs on her pretty finger. Flirting was all very well, but she liked a seasoning of serious matter, and *pro tem*, she spread her shining net for a cousin of her own, a tall, slight, shy boy, who had emerged from the silent forest in which he had been born and bred, to study at the University.

She "read up" with dismal yawns Tennyson and Mrs. Barrett Browning for his benefit, and sentimentalized until she had him bound to her chariot wheels. Above all, she patronized him. She revolutionized his neck-ties, she taught him to dance, she told him what tailor to employ. She swept his foolish young head clear of every dream of fame, fortune or ambition, and filled it with her own seductive image. She was like some lovely young vampire of society drawing the heart-blood of some tender and appetizing young victim, while she fanned him asleep with her gay wings. People watched the affair with a rather sober interest. Percy Grace was just one of those who, when once they love, surrender reason, prudence, nay, even religion, and live but in the light of the meteor they pursue. Some men, happily by far the greater number, find in love the exquisite and gentle light that cheers them on through the hard struggle of practical life; it is a flower they wear on their breasts, delighting in its all-pervading fragrance and beauty. While their hands are clinging to the ladder of wealth and fame, their gaze is fixed on the shining heights towards which they labor. When the laurel or bay is won, love shines amid the garland, the chiefest ornament, the most beloved, because only for its cheering presence, the sturdy heart had oftentimes faltered, the onward step faltered. To such men love is an inciter to noble deeds, greater and purer than any other, the tender and holy light cast upon the way; not the meteor that absorbs, dazzles, chains the powers of mind and body in a rapt worship, and disappearing, leaves a horrid blackness, a void and death of the soul that seeks for peace in a sister death of the body.

Percy Grace could be but one. He knew no-

thither over it like gorgeously-plumed curlews, their skates flashing in the sun as they swept in eddying circles, meeting and parting as two butterflies dance over a rose, throwing themselves into the thing with a graceful abandon, born of the keen air and perfect mastery of the art, wedded to excellent health, and youth, which is the life of all things.

The ice cracked and groaned under their light weight, but was apparently quite safe, and he of the tinted glasses stood looking at the pretty scene admiringly, despite the keen wind.

"What a lovely creature that graceful child is," he thought as he caught a nearer view of a rosy, radiant face, gleaming from a tossing tempest of billowy golden hair. "I wonder what the other is like!"

He was too well-bred to risk annoying them by a prolonged stare, so he walked on slowly, watching them, however, as he went.

He lingered for an instant looking back as the road swept round a sudden curve; somehow that pure, young face had attracted him strangely.

He turned away slowly, with a shadow on his face that had not been on it a moment previously, and the pool was instantly lost to his sight, though he could hear their laughter ringing clearly on the frosty air.

"Isn't it Jean Jacques Rousseau, who says, *Quand l'homme commence à raisonner il cesse de sentir*," he said, laughing to himself, a little bitterly. "Pshaw! no man can build up a rule to embrace every mind. I have made dame Reason my sole deity, and yet I find there is a touch of nature left. But why should that child's innocent face be the first thing to force the unpleasant fact on me that I have some human sympathies left? I have seen scores of pretty children without one of them suggesting that hackneyed tableau of Lucifer, looking up with longing eyes to the shining doors, closed against him by an eternal sentence. But actually as her eyes met mine I felt uncomfortable suggestions of a cloven-foot and that graceful appendage with which a high-toned superstition graces his Satanic Majesty!"

He laughed at this and so resumed his easy cheerfulness, as the merry wind rushed in his face from the open country, dashing a wreath of smoky drift against him, as though brisk frost elves were abroad and at high revel.

At this point the road diverged into forks and he paused to consider which he should pursue. As he did so, a shrill scream from the direction of the pool, followed by a second and a third, smote his ear, accompanied by the sharp cracking of ice, and before he had formed a thought in connection with the sounds, he was speeding back to the spot.

As he came in sight of the little pool one glance showed him what had occurred. The young girl who had so attracted him had broken through the ice towards the centre of the pond, and though hardly in danger of drowning was very unpleasantly situated. The bitingly cold water rose above her shoulders, and wherever she grasped the ice, it broke away in her hands. The screams proceeded from her companion, who was trying in vain to reach her, but was forced to keep back as the ice now began to give way in every direction. The great danger was, that the young girl's strength should give way, and that she should fall and so be drowned. Her long, bright hair floated out on the water, and her pretty face was pallid, but self-possessed.

"Stand back, Olla," she cried, peremptorily, as the other made a futile attempt to reach her, "here is some one coming."

"Don't be alarmed," said the mellow voice of the new comer, "the young lady is in no danger, I assure you."

With a great sigh of relief, Olla sank against the fence, and, with anxious eyes watched the efforts of the stranger to relieve Sidney from her predicament. He saw that it would be useless to attempt to draw her on the ice, so he divested himself of his furred great-coat, and with an air of perfect sang-froid leaped into the water, and lifting her in his strong arms, waded towards the shore, breaking the brittle ice before him as he advanced, and in a few moments Sidney was on shore, her teeth chattering like castanets, and her dress rapidly turning to a garment of ice. Olla poured out an incoherent flood of thanks to Sid's rescuer, who with a silent bow, lifted his coat and wrapped it round the shivering girl, who seemed in more danger of freezing to death than she had been of drowning. She seemed quite unable to speak and Olla burst into tears of alarm and distress, as she looked at her.

"I don't know what I shall do," she said, turning to the startled stranger. "Papa is quite close, but I can not leave her, while I run for him."

"Certainly not," he answered decisively, "and I can only suggest—" He did not say what, but he lifted Sid's little figure in his arms, and looked at Olla.

"Come," he said, cheerfully, "will you be my guide? We ought not to linger a moment. The frost is very keen."

Strong as he seemed to be, Sidney, her clothes and hair saturated and frozen into a solid mass was a tolerably severe strain on his powers, and despite the numbing cold, he was soon in a glow of heat; but he walked swiftly on, and never paused until he stood in the hall of Captain Frazer's residence, which was, as Olla had said, close at hand. Had it been otherwise Sidney would in all probability have been severely frozen.

The drawing-room door stood open, and as he followed Olla into the hall with his burthen, he saw a pretty group of Dolly and Androsia

Howard, working by the glittering steel grate, while Mrs. Frazer read aloud to them.

"Mamma," cried Olla, running in, while he paused uncertain whether to follow or not, in the hall, looking into the bright, pretty room and holding Sidney still in his arms, "don't be frightened, please, there is nothing serious the matter. Sidney broke through the ice at the swamp pool, and this gentleman got her out."

Dolly let her work fall, and Mrs. Frazer and Androsia sprang up, the former trembling as her eyes rested on Sidney's figure, motionless in the arms of the stranger; but her fears were at once set at rest by the young lady herself.

"Don't be alarmed, mamma," she called out, "I'm a little damp, that's all, and owing to my skates and being frozen into an icicle, I can't stand. Put me down, please."

In obedience to this request the stranger placed her on one of the hall chairs, and stood aside smiling quietly, while Androsia and Mrs. Frazer embraced and questioned her, the former busying herself in removing her drenched wraps, while Dolly and Olla cried heartily in the drawing-room, the latter overcome by excitement and the former from sympathy. Sidney herself with her golden locks dripping like a naiad's, laughed at her perils, though a shade of deep feeling stole over her expressive face, as she looked from her mother to the stranger.

"Mamma," she said; but Mrs. Frazer had turned to him, and in her sweet, high-bred way was thanking him with great feeling for the service he had rendered.

"Captain Frazer must see and thank you himself," she said; "but in the meantime let me suggest a change of raiment. I think," she added, turning to Olla who had joined them, "that there is a suit of Archie's clothes in his wardrobe. Tell Mike to lay them out."

The stranger looked at Mrs. Frazer curiously. "Is it possible that it is Miss Frazer to whom I have been fortunate enough to render this trifling service?" he asked in a tone of considerable interest. He spoke with a kind of curious impediment in his speech, very trifling in itself but sufficient to render his voice rather peculiar.

"My youngest daughter," answered Mrs. Frazer, looking more attentively at him than she had hitherto done.

"I am very fortunate!" he remarked in his slow, low voice. "It is a curious coincidence that I should be on my way to wait on Captain Frazer on a trifling matter of business, when I had the happiness of assisting your daughter."

Mrs. Frazer looked at him inquiringly, and he continued:

"I am in a position to give Captain Frazer some trifling information on a certain subject in which he is interested, and which I lighted on by the merest accident; but in the meantime allow me to introduce myself. My name is Harold Macer."

"My husband will be happy to see you as soon as you have changed your clothes," said Mrs. Frazer, glancing in dismay at Mr. Macer's garments, which, thawed by the heat of the hall, gave him the appearance of a dripping river-god.

"How dreadfully tanned he is!" breathed Dolly in a tone of saintly compassion in Androsia's ear, against whom she was leaning, and Androsia turned and looked at him, meeting his eyes through the blue spectacles.

He was studying the beautiful group the two girls made in the tinted sunlight pouring through the stained glass, Dolly's angelic loveliness so well set off by the more vivid coloring of Androsia, whose lovely face and brilliant eyes seemed all the more radiant from the sombre hue of her heavy black dress, which swept with such perfect grace round her lofty, pliant form.

Androsia blushed and turned away, the tumbled white of her throat and temples crimsoning under his earnest gaze, and she drew Dolly into the drawing-room and closed the door.

"I do not like him," she said, in her measured way, folding her hands and looking inexpressibly haughty, rearing her head like a young Semiramis.

"Don't you, dear?" said Dolly, resignedly taking up one of the "tokens of affection" slippers which were yet in progress. "Why?"

Dolly's golden hair gleamed like an aureole round her as she sank into her low-chair, and she looked at the slippers as Lady Jane Grey might have glanced at an offer of pardon on recantation of her religion.

"Because," began Androsia frowning, then paused, and added, "I do not know why."

"Perhaps," said Dolly, considering, "it is the spectacles. Blue spectacles are so unbecoming. Or the tan; perhaps it is the tan, dear."

Androsia shook her graceful head impatiently, and her eyes sparkled angrily as she looked at the fire.

"He looked at me," she ejaculated indignantly, "his eyes burned my skin!"

"Of course, he looked at you," assented Dolly. "Mr. Armor looks at me a great deal when we are together, but I don't mind it much. Indeed I forget that he is in the room half the time. Would you put a white or purple pansie here, Androsia?"

But Androsia was not as yet sufficiently civilized to curb her restless mind at a moment's notice to the consideration of worsted work. She sat down and leant her damask cheek on her slender hand.

"Androsia does not wish to speak more," she said, decisively, and Dolly whose great talent was for silence, sat idly looking at her, a brooding pensiveness in her violet eyes that was inexpressibly lovely, and the gorgeous mass of colors heaped on her lap, what time she vaguely wondered about Mr. Macer, his blue spectacles and his bronzed skin.

CHAPTER XIX.

NEWS OF WINONA.

"Comfortable," thought Mr. Macer glancing round the pretty library, where he was waiting, pending his interview with Captain Frazer, "and ornamental! One can almost fancy oneself gifted with a sudden virtuous love of domesticity in such a room. Nothing of the conventional library about it, but that walnut escritoire in the corner, and even that is cheerful and graceful. I wonder if it is really as massive and secure as it looks. Modern furniture is seldom anything but a sham."

He looked at it with the air of a connoisseur, admiring the fanciful carvings of wreaths of maple leaves, squirrels and beavers that decorated it, and the exquisite polish and grain of the wood. He saw that though of modern make it was massive and solid, and the unusual peculiarity distinguished it, that no lock or keyhole was visible.

He was by nature observant even of trifles, and he wiled away a few minutes pleasantly, speculating as to how and where the elaborate front opened, and then he sauntered about the room looking at the photographs and engravings on the wall. Good all of them, and two or three even valuable. Where all the sunlight fell broadly upon it there hung an old portrait in oils of Marie Antoinette, in the days of her beauty and power. It had been a gift from herself to the grandfather of Mrs. Frazer, and was an heir-loom of price to the family. It was at this Macer was looking when the door opened and Mike wheeled Captain Frazer into the room.

He turned with a smile on his face and nodded good-humoredly to Mr. Murphy, whose face expressed no little astonishment as he recognized him.

"It's himself," ejaculated Mike, pausing and surveying him without much favor. "Humph! so it's yerself, Mr. Macer, is it?"

He remembered with a slight twinge his loquacity at their meeting in Toronto, and he was not too well pleased to be reminded of it by the appearance of Mr. Macer.

"In proper person, my friend," laughed the other, and then he turned and introduced himself to Captain Frazer, in an easy, dignified way that showed him well acquainted with the manners of society.

"I shall not make any stereotyped excuses for intruding on you, Captain Frazer," he said, smiling. "I might have done so, indeed, and considered that perhaps my business was scarcely sufficient warrant for such a course, had not fate willed that I should in any case introduce myself to you. My name is Harold Macer."

Captain Frazer extended his hand and clasped Mr. Macer's warmly, while he surveyed him with kindly interest.

"I can't express to you," he said, earnestly, "how grateful I am to you for your service of this morning. It might have proved a dark day, indeed, to us, only for you."

Captain Frazer's rugged countenance expressed far more than his words, and Mr. Macer felt really gratified.

"It was nearly altogether riskless on my part," he said; "but there is no doubt that a prolonged immersion would have been fatal to Miss Frazer; but pray, don't make me fancy myself a hero!" He laughed pleasantly, and drew a chair opposite that occupied by his host, and looked at Mike, who was lingering under pretence of replenishing the fire, eyeing Mr. Macer curiously.

"You did not expect to meet me again so soon when we parted so abruptly in Toronto?" he said.

"Faix no," answered Mike, concisely, and was silent.

"You may go, Mike," said Captain Frazer, and Mike went, leaving the two men alone.

Captain Frazer waited curiously for Mr. Macer to unfold his errand and the nature of his business. He swept his glance back and forth over his memory, but could not recall any recollections connected with his guest. The name even he had never heard before, the face was unfamiliar. The low, melodious voice separated from the peculiarity of articulation struck him as one he had heard in some far-off time that he could not recall, but that was only an idea. He faced the window and Mr. Macer, and though the handsome dark head was sharply defined against the light, the features were indistinct, indeed almost indistinguishable.

He did not seem in haste to unfold his errand, but he seemed to do everything slowly and deliberately as he spoke, and so Captain Frazer waited courteously the pleasure of his guest.

"I am afraid," said the latter at last, leaning his arm on the table beside him, and tapping the dark green cloth slowly with his finger-tips as he looked at Captain Frazer, "that you will hardly exonerate me from the charge of a seeming want of delicacy in intruding myself into an affair that apparently it was your desire not to appear in; I allude to an advertisement which met my eye, concerning the disappearance of an Indian girl, named, I think, Winona."

"What of her?" exclaimed Captain Frazer, regarding the speaker with unconcealed astonishment, "Have you any information to give me concerning her?"

"Or I had not been here," replied the other. "Of course," he added hastily and with the air of one wishing not to raise too secure a hope by his words, "I may be mistaken in her identity, but the description was so accurate that I could hardly have been misled in my recognition of her."

Captain Frazer's face expressed great agita-

tion. It was evidently with a strong effort that he succeeded in steadying his voice to ask:

"Have the kindness to explain yourself; the disappearance of this girl has been a source of great uneasiness to a member of my family and to myself," he added slowly.

Mr. Macer looked at him curiously through the blue glasses, and his fingers ceased tapping the cloth.

"It is a trifling clue, I fear," he answered; "but if followed up may lead to her discovery. I met a girl answering her description in every particular on a crowded platform half-way between Brampton and Toronto, and attracted by her singular beauty, I watched her. She bought a ticket for Toronto and vanished. It was night, and something about her, an air as though she wished to avoid observation, fastened her in my memory. When I got out at Brampton I saw the advertisement, which a boy was just posting up, and then it suddenly struck me that I had seen her before."

Mr. Macer paused for a second and then went on. "After some thought I recalled the time and place, and remembered that I had caught a passing glimpse of her in Toronto in company with your son and a young lady."

"But," said Captain Frazer, with an accent and manner of keen disappointment, "this must be nearly a fortnight ago now."

"It is, indeed," replied Mr. Macer, in a tone of grave concern, "but had I only thought of you as interested in the girl it should not have so happened. As it was, the whole affair slipped from my mind, and I proceeded down to Montreal, where I had important business to transact, and it was only when I found myself passing this neighborhood on my way back and saw the advertisements still up, that the idea flashed on me that the girl had likely fled from your protection. So much time had been lost that I came directly to you rather than lose any more in writing to the offices named, at the risk, I am afraid, of being justly considered intrusive."

"If I had but known this at once," said the Captain hoarsely, and in a tone of such keen pain that for the moment Mr. Macer's well-bred calm gave place to an air of considerable astonishment. "You cannot guess," continued the old gentleman, "how much depends on securing the girl before she —" He closed his lips and his brown face turned grey as ashes.

"Insane, I presume," said Mr. Macer sympathizingly, "a terrible affliction. I sincerely hope you may secure her."

"She is not mad," said the Captain quietly, but passing his handkerchief across his brow, damp with agitation. "Oh, anything but mad. But I fear all will be of no avail."

"If I could be of any assistance," suggested Macer, with an air of courtly deference, "I am going Toronto-wards, and if —"

"I can't see what to do," said the Captain. "I've had detectives employed, but with no avail, and your news confirms my worst fears. I must write to my son at once."

"I would take my leave," said Macer, with a half smile, as he glanced at his dress, "but I am indebted to your son for a portion of his wardrobe while my own clothes are drying."

"Don't think of such a thing," said Captain Frazer, hurriedly, "you must not think of leaving us to-night."

Macer hesitated.

"I should not intrude on your hospitality," he said; "but the fact is, I am not altogether recovered from a sharp attack of rheumatic fever, and I dread the consequences of further exposure to-day. I shall rest your guest gratefully for to-night."

Mr. Macer spent a quiet day, that never left his memory, in Captain Frazer's drawing-room, gloomed on by Androsia from a shadowy corner, where she ensconced herself with a book, which she knitted her straight brows over without gaining much knowledge from its pages. She was rapidly acquiring the, to her, hidden art of reading; and Captain Frazer, who was her delighted tutor, spoke of her as one rarely gifted in mind as well as person. She sat ensconced by the chintz and lace curtains in the window, behind a flower-stand, her lovely head rising above the blossoms, like that of some regal spirit rising from an ocean of bloom; and perused Mr. Macer, as he chatted with the others, with a more fixed attention than she did her book. On his part, he politely ignored her scrutiny, and loitered beside Dolly's chair, talking in his pleasant, half-serious way, while Sidney lingered listening eagerly to his every word, with a pleasure that would have charmed Macer, had he been a vain man, which he was not, or Sidney a little older.

He was by no means brilliant, but all he said, told, and he talked about things that girls like, operas, paintings, travels, prima donnas, music, touching every subject brightly, and with a kindly hand, evidently enjoying himself, and drawing Sidney into animated descriptions of Canadian life, of which he said he knew very little, having been only a few months out from Scotland. He seemed much attracted by Sidney, and studied her rosy face with a thoughtful and sometimes puzzled look. Of Olla he saw little, for, like Desdemona —

"Still the house affairs would draw her thence,"

but he felt the charm of her exquisite gentleness and sweet graciousness to the full.

He was introduced to Sidney's mother, "Mop," and advised Dolly in her worsted work, and watched all their graceful ways and dainty belongings, as men do to whom the home-life has hitherto been but a name, and at that, infrequent in their ears. Despite his apparent carelessness of her, he cast many a glance at the dark-robed beauty behind her fortress of flow-

ers, but the glasses jealously hid the expression of his eyes, and his calm, dark face was not very readable.

Perhaps he was a little annoyed at her haughty avoidance of him, contrasting strongly with the evident pleasure the pretty sisters took in his society, and the pleasant cordiality extended to him by Mrs. Frazer, or only amused, but he seemed rather relieved when after dinner she disappeared and did not return till after tea was served.

When she had gone he asked one or two questions about her, carelessly enough, and playing with "Mop" while he spoke, seemingly but little interested in the answers Sidney gave him, praising Androsia volubly, and flying off into an account of Winona, and speculations about her flight and possible return.

"I don't think she liked her new dresses," said Dolly pensively, "though her mourning was exactly the same as Androsia's, and she looked lovely in it. She used to seem quite unhappy and miserable, poor thing!"

"A strange instance of the pervading feminine passion in the untutored child of the forest," said Macer, elevating his black brows and smiling.

"Dolly," said Sidney, reproachfully, "how can you say such things! Vexed about her dress! Oh, Mr. Macer, I'm sure it was not that. If you could only have seen her sitting in a dark corner; her eyes, like two dull fires and her teeth grinding, and her fingers twisting round each other, you'd have felt frightened. She looked as if she saw some one in the distance that she was going to tear to pieces presently. I couldn't help feeling sorry for Androsia, but oh, I was glad when she ran away, I can tell you."

"I daresay," replied Mr. Macer, laughingly; "a rather uncomfortable kind of guest." He paused a moment, pondering, and allowing his face to express that he would have found her anything but an agreeable companion; and Sidney went on speculatively:

"I shouldn't wonder that she'd come back as suddenly as she went, for you see, she is wonderfully fond of Androsia, and every time I look out at night I fancy I see her gliding back from amongst the pines in her shadowy way. Oh, I think she'll come back."

"Perhaps so," said Macer, musingly. He got up from the low ottoman on which he had been sitting and walked away to the window that looked out on the pine-grove. It looked like some vast temple, darkly roofed with somber green and floored with pearl, barred with the ruby shafts of sunset. The memorial stone gleamed whitely in its bosom, and stretching round it lay a fairy landscape of snow and rose, and trembling shadows stretching far out across the land as the sun drove his fire-and-gold-maned steeds swiftly westward. There was the utter calm of a fair winter's evening over the lovely scene. The St. Lawrence,

"Silent, majestic and slow," flowed, dark as a stream of jet between banks of pearl, bridged here and there with crimson light and flashes of spectral gold across its dark waters.

The scene was fair enough to chain Macer at the window, until in a dying blaze of crimson, fire and gold, the sun flung his parting benison over the still landscape, and while the glow faded to a silvery rose, through which a great star rose on quivering pinions of light and hung over the gloomy crests of the pines, tremulous in the clear evening air.

Dolly and Sidney had left the room, but he seemed unaware of their absence, and leant against the window frame with folded arms, looking out, his dark face like that of a bronze statue, as fixed and motionless.

At the hour of twilight the robes of man's guardian angel gleam whitely from the shadows. The blessed and ineffable repose and calm of nature finds voice and sings in low harmonies of peace and purity. At this hour, more than any other, the soul inclines, like the flame of a lamp blown by a gentle and invisible wind, towards the pure and holy, and no longer can man say, "Evil, be thou my good!" as in the unhaunted hours of the busy day.

"I could almost feel it in my heart to depart from this innocent roof and never more be seen," soliloquized Macer, watching the climbing star, that scaled the blue vault, like the herald of the starry host; "my vivid imagination and a lucky chance bore me triumphantly into the dove-cot, but kate that I am, I am not altogether and at all times remorseless. Shall I go?"

A light fell into the room, now full of shadow; and looking up, he saw Androsia passing slowly up the hall carrying a lamp.

"Her step was royal—queen-like—and her face as beautiful as a saint's in Paradise."

"Behold my answer," murmured Macer. "Fate, stoop again to my beck, and desert me not."

(To be continued.)

A noble young man in Indianapolis recently determined to abandon the use of tobacco. He was told that iced drinks would diminish his hankering for the weed. So on the first day he drank three gallons of iced water, and still feeling a desire to smoke, he added two quarts of cold buttermilk. He went to bed with the cheerful conviction that he had conquered his craving, and so he had. The next day he did not desire to smoke at all, for the simple reason that he was dead. The iced water, the iced buttermilk, the abandonment of his cigar, and two doctors who were called in consultation, proved to be too much for the noble young man.

"OR THERE, OR HERE?"

BY ADA ROWENA CARNAHAN.

The crazy piling sways in the wind,
The gravel walk is overgrown;
The grass is going to seed, unknown;
The rank weeds riot, unconfined.

The fruit-trees blossom in the spring,
The wild-bird builds as she has done,
The fruitage ripens in the sun;
The autumn leaves drop, withering.

The sweet-brier, from the crumbling wall,
Is fallen in a tangled mass;
Nor human step may overpass
Across the great door of the hall.

Long while the slatted blinds have been
Close-barred o'er broken pane and crack,
Nor mortal hand to swing them back
And let the golden sunlight in.

Thick dust is over all the floors,
Black cobwebs to the ceilings cling,
In the old wood the crickets sing,
The swallow in the chimney roars.

Sometimes, beside the garden fence,
A ghostly shadow seems to fall,
As if one stood to see it all;
That, fading out, or passing hence,

Flitteth beyond the unopened gate,
Along the pathway choked with grass,
And through the tangled, briery mass,
Nor at the bolted door will wait;

Slow pacing on from room to room,
As unsubstantial as the air,
And of a sudden is not there;
But only moth and rust consume.

Full far away a woman sits,
About whom tropic blossoms glow,
And spicy breezes breathe and blow;
Across whose face a shadow flits.

What vision is it that she sees
With such remote and dreamful glance—
What seeth she, as in a trance?
Some apple and some cherry trees,

A piling swaying in the winds,
A pathway overgrown with grass,
A fallen, tangled, briery mass;
A lonely house with close-shut blinds.

About the place she seems to go,
And all things seem distinct and clear.
And is she there, or is she here?
Or there, or here? I do not know.

For the Favorite.

HOW I LOST MY WHISKERS AND MY WIFE.

BY CAPT. JAPEAR,
OF MONTREAL.

There are not many persons now-a-days who have not had an 'adventure' at some period of their lives. In fact, in these fast times, we can generally boast of more than one thrilling event ere we have turned our first score. Now, it was not till within the past few months that I could class myself among this number, for up to that time I had run on the even tenor of my way

Has left its poisoned arrow in my breast."

In truth, my life was like a mill-pond for smoothness until that stone was thrown in, which so rudely ruffled its peaceful waters. I have no doubt I shall always be able to look at my adventure as the event of my life, for what can occur of more importance than the loss of your whiskers and your wife! I know that my friend Brown, who is a bachelor and a cynic (some say these terms are synonymous), I say that this same Brown would designate part of my loss as a fortunate escape, and insinuate that it should be cause for anything but sadness. But who cares for Brown or his opinions! I must say he had a very disagreeable and irreverent way of speaking of certain matters; and although, for the sake of peace and quietness, I sometimes pretended to agree with him, yet I always felt disgusted at his, to say the least of them, erroneous opinions. (By-the-by, I hope Brown won't see this paper.)

Yes, dear reader, but for a comparatively trifling circumstance, I might have been now riding in my carriage, for my Angelina was passing rich in this world's store.

But let no one imagine that the loss of wealth, or rather its non-acquisition, added one feather's weight to my burden of grief. No, banish the thought! The mercenary wretch who could entertain such an idea for a moment must indeed be changed before he can comprehend such love as mine. Before it can flourish in his barren heart, the cold fog of sordid selfishness must be taken away, and the warm rays of affection and the streams of true love must thaw and fertilize the sterile soil! (I think that sentence deserves to be printed in large type.) But I must proceed with my story, or I shall tire the most patient of my readers.

It was during the past summer that I visited

one of the British Colonies, and during my sojourn there I had the good fortune to make the acquaintance of three young gentlemen, natives of the place. In a short time we became fast friends, and many a long tramp have we had together with rod and gun, and many a jolly night round the camp-fire, in the wilds of Terra-nova.

My three friends were named respectively Brown, Jones and Robinson,—at least we'll suppose they were. As I said before, Brown was a cynic, or pretended to be one. Jones, or as he was generally called, Phil,—not that his Christian name was Philip, but as an abbreviation of philosopher,—was of a grave turn of mind, and much given to the fine arts. He spent a great deal of his time in quoting from the poets, and to hear him recite Shakespeare was really a treat. Robinson, on the other hand, was of a very sprightly disposition, and when in his company I could never help thinking of a *mitrailleur* of ginger-ale. He was an enthusiastic admirer of feminine beauty. It was this that drew the remark from Brown that "Robinson would be a good sort of fellow only for that failing." For my own part, I think he was very discerning in this respect, for where ordinary mortals could discover nothing very enchanting, he was sure to find some feature in every passer-by to call forth a eulogy. If you were to take a walk with Robinson the conversation, on his part, would usually be confined to such exclamations as "What beautiful eyes!" "There's a nose!" or, "Jupiter, what a forehead!"

It was a drizzly morning in September that we set out on our last excursion, an occasion never to be forgotten, for then it was that the event transpired which blighted my young life and "froze the genial current of my soul."

I seemed to have a presentiment of coming evil. I did not feel the same buoyancy of spirits as on former occasions, and it struck me as being a bad omen to see that the like mysterious gloom appeared to weigh upon the spirits of my companions. Brown was revolving slowly on one heel, with a far graver aspect than usual. Jones was leaning despondingly against the wagon. His pipe hung listlessly from his teeth; no vapory halo surrounded his head, as was usually the case, for he had allowed the fire to go out, which was almost as rare with him as with the Vestal Virgins.

But when I saw Robinson, the irrepressible Robinson, whistling that appeared to be a dismal attempt at a "Dead March," instead of one of his favorite lively airs, then I was positive there was some dire calamity looming in the future.

Our journey, too, was very unlike its predecessors. There were no laugh and songs as usual. The cynic was more cynical than usual. No words of wisdom dropped from the philosopher's lips; while even Robinson's remarks on the brows and noses of the passers-by were but faintly murmured, and if I don't mistake, he allowed one or two to pass altogether unobserved.

Then, we found that the animal we had hired seemed to have no idea of any motion but the retrograde, or, as the old lady said of her shy daughter—"she was very backward in coming forward." It was this peculiarity that led to rown to suggest the advisability of reversing the order of our going, and letting the animal's tail lead the way as the only means of reaching our destination.

However, by dint of moral suasion and other things too numerous to mention, we at length arrived at our journey's end. Having unharnessed our beast and picketed her in a grassy plot, we shouldered our *impedimenta* and made our way through the bushes to the edge of a pond, where we selected a spot for our camping ground. After repairing the damages sustained by our tea-kettle, in sundry falls of its bearer Jones, we set about making preparations for breakfast, and while discussing our meal and anticipating a good day's sport, our spirits rose a little, though, for my own part, I could not altogether get rid of an indefinable dread.

Having satisfied the inner man and cleared away the wreck, as Robinson expressed it, we set out, rod in hand, to begin the day's work. The sun now shone out, and with the heat came the mosquitoes, the scourge of the angler.

Now, I am privileged in this respect, and enjoy perfect immunity from the attacks of these insects, so much so that I have always been an object of envy to my less fortunate confreres.

On the present occasion I had wandered down the stream some distance from my companions, and was seated on a ledge of rock under the lee of a little promontory, and landing my fish in fine style, when I heard a voice which I thought I recognized as that of Jones, coming from the other side of the point, and speaking seemingly, in low expository tones. On parting the bushes which screened the speaker from view, I found that it was indeed Jones, although at the first glance it was difficult to believe that it could be our grave philosopher, for there he stood,—while the mosquitoes hovered over and around his head in a perfect cloud,—holding his fishing-rod as some important functionary would his wand of office, and making partial revolutions with a jerky motion, reminding one of a canary on its perch, while at the same time he carried on an animated address, during the pauses in which he would direct a puff of tobacco smoke into the thickest of his enemies.

"Think not I care for you, (puff) ye blood-thirsty pigmies," he exclaimed, disdainfully, "or that your buzzing strikes terror to my heart (puff, puff). No, no! Do not lay that flattering unction to your souls, for I defy your blood-

sucking hordes! Ay, rally your Lilliputian legions, (wildly) cheer them to the onslaught! (Puff, vigorously.) Oh, yes," he continued, suddenly changing to a mild persuasive tone, and wiping the perspiration from his brow, "drop gently—with a loving touch. But come, little ones, let me teach you the virtues of tobacco. First, (didactically) it is an herbaceous plant, remarkable for its narcotic properties—"

At this point, not being able to contain myself any longer, I burst into a loud "guffaw," which was considerably prolonged when, on looking further up, I saw Brown striding distractedly up and down the beach, copiously anointing his visage with "mosquito mixture," in hopes that it would keep off his tormentors; while a little beyond, on a pinnacle of rock, stood Robinson, frantically waving a bough round his head, with the same object in view.

"I think," remarked Jones, "that we had better get upon the summit of yonder hill and wait for the evening's fishing," and as we all thought the same, we decided on following Jones' advice. So we beat a hasty retreat, leaving the enemies masters of the field.

On making out the list of casualties we found that, with the exception of the writer, we were all more or less wounded, Robinson coming under the head "Seriously." One eye was completely closed up, while his nose, which used to be of the pure Grecian type, was now of a nondescript form. In fact, Brown very aptly styled the general appearance of his physiognomy when, referring to the numerous excrescences, intersected by little streams of "mosquito mixture," he said it brought to mind the bard's apostrophe to the land of his birth, where he says

"Land of the mountain and the flood."

The greater part of the day was spent in trying to get a wink of sleep; and the silence would have been almost unbroken but for the groans of Robinson, and Brown's protestations of sympathy, which, whether seriously given or not, only elicited certain looks from the former which would have been withering but for the comical expression of his swollen face.

Just as the sun sank behind the hill we went down and resumed our fishing. By dusk, each of us had managed to secure a load, and as it was getting a little foggy, we determined to leave without further delay. Having each taken a share of the baggage, which, with our fish, made quite a staggering load, we began our march to where we had left the horse,—Robinson leading the way, as being the only one acquainted with the locality.

We had been going on for some time, stumbling into holes and marshes, when it began to dawn upon my mind that the distance seemed somewhat greater than in the morning. Jones appeared to entertain the same opinion, for just then I heard him enquiring of Robinson if it was "much farther."

"O, 'tis just here," replied Robinson in a confident tone.

"Say—Rob,—you are sure you're right?" bawled out Brown.

"Right! Of course I'm right," answered Robinson indignantly.

Another ten minutes of stumbling and toiling through the thicket, and then our faith in Robinson began to waver.

"Don't you think we ought to be near it now?" gasped Jones, panting in his efforts to get his leg out of a mud-hole.

"Ay, 'tis just here," replied Robinson, "over this little hill, I believe," he added in a tone not quite so assuring.

"I am of opinion that 'just here' must be a considerable distance off. It seems to me to be like the mirage in the desert," grumbled Brown.

Some more falls and bruises, and we had reached the summit of the little hill referred to, when we all, following the example of our guide, came to a stand-still. After staring at each other for a minute or so, we inquired of Robinson "where we were."

Robinson replied that, "he was blest if he knew," from which, to judge by the look of wonderment in his eyes, or rather in the one that was left open, a person would be apt to infer that he was not particularly blest at that moment.

"I feared 'twould come to this," sighed Jones. "Don't be too hard on him, Jones," said Brown in a somewhat sarcastic tone, "you should make allowance for his impaired vision."

But we were really in a sad predicament, for it was no trifling thing to be lost in a wilderness in that country. What was to be the next move, that was the question?

"Well," observed Brown looking inquiringly at Robinson,

"Thus far into the bowels of the land

Have we marched on with much impediment,"

What's to come next, Rob? You know it won't do to stay here, all night, for under present circumstances, I cannot agree with Mr. Byron, that

"There is a pleasure in the pathless woods"

What do you say, Phil?"

Jones only shook his head, and shifted his basket-strap to ease his shoulders, moaning dolefully

"Oh 'tis a burden, Cromwell, 'tis a burden Too heavy for a man that —"

"That wants his supper," put in Brown.

Here we were startled by an exclamation from Robinson.

"Boys, did you see that light?"

"Where?" we exclaimed in chorus.

"Ah! 'tis gone," said Robinson in a tone of disappointment.

"I suppose you could not be certain, now, Robinson, whether it was a magnesium or an electric light?" was Brown's sceptical remark. "No! there it is again!" cried Robinson excitedly, and to our joyful surprise, we did perceive a glimmering light on the side of a hill, about half a mile distant.

"I am of opinion," said Brown, "that that light comes from some kind of habitation, and I think we should make for it as soon as possible, peradventure we may get shelter for the night."

This seemed very sensible advice, so we set out once more, following the banks of a little stream, till we reached the foot of the hill, where the intervening trees shut out the light from view. However, we commenced the ascent, steering, as far as we could judge, direct for the light.

When we had arrived about midway up, we emerged into a little clearing, when the light appeared about twenty or thirty yards from us, shining from the window of a low cabin, while, at the same moment, our ears were saluted with a tremendous barking and snarling.

Now, if there is one thing above another that makes me feel timorous, as my old nurse used to say, it is dogs, and not without reason, either, for I cannot forget a certain occasion on which my corporeal structure was near being demolished by a couple of the fraternity; so that now, when I heard, not one, but half-a-dozen of them trying, apparently, to see which could give the most dismal yell, I really felt anything but comfortable. However, being in the rear, I thought it would be cowardly not to follow where the others led. Every moment the brutes seemed to be getting more ferocious; and I was just beginning to pity Jones who was leading the way, and who, I knew, was troubled with the same constitutional weakness as myself, when we came to such a sudden halt that the backs of the three foremost received a smart blow from the noses of their companions in the rear, for we were travelling Indian file.

The fact was, that our leader, Jones, just then happened to recollect that his shoe required lacing (it had been dropping off at short intervals during the whole of our toilsome march), and for that purpose he now took a seat upon a stump. But I suspected that the affair of the shoe would scarcely have entered his head at that particular moment, were it not that a more than usually terrific yell arose from the canines in front.

"Don't wait for me, boys," said Jones disinterestedly, "I shall be after you, as soon as I set this right."

"Do you think we would leave you here alone?" asked Brown reproachfully. "No, my dear fellow, I'll wait for you, if no one else will," he added, as though denying himself of some great pleasure, solely on account of his regard for Jones.

Of course, Robinson and I expressed ourselves as being equally averse to going on without Jones, and from motives quite as disinterested as Brown's, to say the least of them.

I believe I can say, with a clear conscience, that there was never before, such interest manifested about the tying of a shoe, since the days of Adam. I'm sure, to see the look of deep solicitude on our faces, as we three bent over Jones, would have strengthened the faith of any believer in the goodness of human nature. But when the shoe had been fixed to the owner's satisfaction, and he still appeared in no hurry to get up, Robinson burst into an uncontrollable fit of laughter, and, strange to say, we all followed suit.

"My dear friends," said Robinson, "'tis no use going on in this way. We may as well get along, first as last."

"Couldn't we go forward in a line, shoulder to shoulder?" Jones ventured to ask.

Robinson proposed that we should advance in the form of a wedge, taking the precaution, however, to add that the person acting as point of said wedge should have both eyes open, and look sharp around him, thus making himself out as non-eligible to the post; but as none of the rest of us seemed ambitious of the honor, we abandoned the idea, and decided in favor of Jones' plan. So forward we marched, very slowly and cautiously, holding the spears of our rods in front, to receive the expected attack. The howling grew louder every moment, till we had approached to within ten yards, when it was something terrible to hear. At this point, we thought it prudent to halt.

"Suppose we hail them," said Brown. "House ahoy!" he roared.

We listened anxiously, but there was no response, at least from any human throat.

"House ahoy!" we all shouted in chorus.

A moment afterwards, we saw a door open, and a bushy head protruding, while we heard a gruff voice hushing the dogs, and bestowing on them some very extraordinary pet names. Then the same voice bowed out, "Any one a-hollering out yer?"

"'Tis we, friends," cried Jones, "we want to know if you can let us have shelter for the night."

"Don't know about that 'ere," said the owner of the bushy head. "I'd like to know what brings ye yer dis time o' night, an' how many o' yez be dere."

"My dear friend," answered Robinson soothingly, "there are exactly four of us, who came to fish, and lost our way. If you can let us rest here till morning, we shall have no objection to come down with the damages."

"That is to say," put in Jones, by way of ex-

planation, "we shall be happy to give you anything reasonable in the way of remuneration."

"They are trying to say," observed Brown, somewhat impatiently, "that they will pay you for your trouble."

"I don't want no payment," said the stranger; "but hol' on a bit, till I gits a light," saying which he disappeared within the cabin. A few minutes later, he returned, holding a lantern out before him, while, at the same moment, two more heads, somewhat similar to the first, might be seen looking out at the open door.

"Come yer,—dis way, Misturs," said the bearer of the light.

We moved forward slowly, Jones taking care to say that he hoped the animals were out of the way.

"De hanimals 'll be civil enough now, Mister, dey won't do nuttin' while I'm yer, I promise yez," was the old man's reply. Notwithstanding this assuring promise, we didn't feel altogether at ease, as we followed our guide to the house, for the animals kept sniffing very suspiciously at our extremities; and for my own part, I could not help regretting that chain-armour was obsolete.

On entering, we saw two burly youths, neither of them under six feet, seated on the table. These, our host introduced as his two boys. On seeing us, the boys removed their highly-seasoned pipes from their mouths, and accosted us with "good evenin' gents," after which they resumed the oscillatory motion of their nether extremities, which our entrance had interrupted.

An elderly female, presented to us as the missus, arose from her seat in the chimney-corner and courtesied, while she exclaimed, addressing the boys, "Come yer, Jake an' Bill, an' take them everlastin' pipes out o' yer mouths, and put these gents luggitch in the carner." Then turning to us, "come in to the fire, Misturs, an' give yer feet a dryin', fur I see their putty wet; I s'pose you've a ben in the bogs, eh?"

We gave her to understand that her supposition was correct, and availed ourselves of her invitation to take a seat by the fire.

Our host now asked us if we would take a cup of coffee, saying he would have it up in a jiffy.

After we had despatched the coffee, and had a comfortable smoke, he inquired if we thought we could manage to stay by the fire all right, "as he couldn't say as how he could give us beds what would suit."

We thanked him, and assured him that we could make ourselves quite comfortable where we were.

The family having retired, we managed, with the aid of the chairs and benches, to construct a kind of platform, on which we all lay down, before the fire.

By degrees the conversation became more scanty, till, at last, there was nothing to break the silence, save a crackling of the embers upon the hearth. Long after the heavy breathing of my companions had told me they were wrapt in slumber, I lay awake, watching the moon-beams as they struggled through the smoky little window, and thinking of her who was far away.

At length, I felt my eye-lids becoming heavy, and my thoughts confused. The last thing I recollect was hearing Brown muttering a verse in his sleep, which, if I don't mistake, ran as follows:—

Phil stepped on a log
And slipped into the bog;
When he drew out his leg—

Here he broke off with a guttural noise; and I was wondering what the next line would have been, when I lost consciousness, and my spirit was wafted into the land of dreams; and I dreamed a dream, and it was this:—

I thought that I was travelling through some desolate region, and as I toiled wearily along, I was startled by hearing cries of distress. After running some distance towards the quarter whence the cries proceeded, a terrible spectacle met my gaze. Standing upon the stump of a tree, with arms extended towards me, and supplicating help in piteous tones, I saw my Angelina, while, all around her, swarmed ferocious dogs, springing into the air, in their efforts to drag down their prey. With the speed of the wind, I flew towards the spot; but had only gone a few yards, when I felt myself sinking. Deeper, and deeper I went, till my head alone remained above ground. While I lay thus, fixed in the bog, with my arms pressed closely to my side, a mosquito, of Brobdingnagian proportions, alighted on my left jaw, and commenced operations with diabolical ferocity. Each moment the sting went deeper, and the pain grew more intense, till, at last, it seemed as though a little furnace was in full working on my devoted jaw. I could bear it no longer, and, with a start and a cry, I awoke.

But what a stinging pain is this I feel along my jaw! Angelina has vanished,—the dogs have vanished,—why does this part of my dream still linger! Can I really be awake?

I put up my hand to the aching part, my fingers come in contact with something that crumbles to powders! The dreadful truth now begins to dawn upon my mind, it needs not the smell of burning feathers to tell me what has happened! In the twinkling of an eye, I spring to a sitting posture; and as I do so, a glowing spark falls from my face, to the ground.

With feelings that cannot be described, I attempt to awaken my companions; and for this purpose I stretch forth my hand in the darkness, and seize something which I take to be some body's finger, and give it a pull. It turns out

that I had pulled Jones' toe, for which I receive a very unpleasant kick on the nose, while he awakes in affright, muttering "Angels and ministers of grace, defend us!"

"O Jones!" I cried, "Jones, my dear fellow, my whisker is gone, clean gone for ever!"

"What's gone?" asked Jones in perplexity.

"My whisker, Jones, my whisker,—my left whisker!" I groaned.

"Oh, he's mad,—quite mad!" I heard Jones mutter to himself.

"Say Brown," he called aloud, "here's Smith (meaning myself) got up in a fit or something!"

"What's the matter! what's wrong," asked Brown and Robinson at the same moment.

"Oh 'tis true, boys,—'tis too true," moaned despairingly, "my whisker is gone,—burned to a cinder!"

Just at this moment we heard the latch of the door move, followed by the low growl of a dog, and then voices speaking in low tones in the next room.

"Got yer hatchets ready, boys?" whispered a gruff voice.

The boys made answer that "all was ready 'ceptin'!"—(something we could not hear what.)

"All right den, bear a hand," said the first voice, "I s'pose dey's all asleep now."

"I wonder if the hatchets are intended for us," whispered the horrified Robinson.

"That remains to be felt," said Brown, in a quiet tone. "But we won't die without a struggle," he continued taking down one of the large iron hooks from the bar in the fire-place.

Each provided himself with a weapon of the same kind, and thus armed we awaited the *dé-nouement*. Robinson, besides being armed with a *pot-crook*, held his pipe-case in one hand, by way of a pistol, saying it had proved a good friend on a like occasion, some months before.*

Again the latch was raised, and this time, the door was partly opened,—the faint light from the next room, showing us the outlines of a head cautiously peering in.

We were standing like statues, awaiting the expected onslaught, when we heard the click of Robinson's pipe-case (whereby he represented the cocking of his pistol), while his voice cried through the startled air, in tones intended to be of thunder, and which could surely have gained for him a reputation as a first class tragedian,— "Come in tr-reacherous knave, thou wilt find us ready!"

But, as might have been expected, the individual so addressed did not come in, nor did he seem at all inclined to; in fact he beat a hasty retreat, hurriedly closing the door, as he went out.

There now appeared to be an animated conversation carried on in the next room, of which we could hear such fragments as "git on — jacky-napes—dey get a gun—haired un click, &c." After a moment's silence there was a knock at the door.

"What, in the name of—" (we'll say "what in the name of wonder," though I think he made use of a stronger expression), "what, in the name of wonder, do you want?" asked Robinson sternly.

"Be thy intents wicked or charitable," anxiously demanded Jones.

"Why, gents," answered a voice, which we recognized as the old man's, "I wants to git me ropes, as I hanged up in the chimbley, to dry las' night."

We looked inquiringly at each other—or I suppose we did, although it was too dark to gain much by the operation, but it seemed to strike us that this might be merely a ruse.

"My good man," said Brown, "you had better bring a light, or you will never find the ropes."

When a minute or so had elapsed, 'my good man' appeared in the door way, with a small oil-lamp in his hand, and stood scrutinizing the apartment, not deeming it prudent to venture farther, at least the general expression of his countenance seemed to say that there were abundant grounds for argument on that point.

His look of innocent wonderment as his eyes fell upon our four figures ranged before him, in battle-array, quite disarmed us of all suspicion, and we laughed heartily, passing the affair off as a joke in the best manner we could.

But how we did laugh when the old man brought the light nearer, and we could see each other more clearly; for, during those moments of excitement, we had more than once drawn our hands across our faces, forgetting with what kind of weapons we were armed. The result was, that each of us looked as if he had been operated upon by some novice in the tattooing art. And did not the others actually roar, when their gaze fell upon my poor mutilated visage, which, besides the tattooing aforesaid, presented a flourishing whisker on one side, while the other was barren and singed! I say, instead of condoling with me, they actually yelled with laughter, not excepting the old man, who I feared would injure himself in the violence of his emotions.

But I must pass over details. I shall not dilate upon Robinson's wrath as he stood wofully regarding his swollen physiognomy in the old man's shaving-glass. It would be useless to attempt giving anything like his language, according to the style now in vogue, for it would only consist of a series of dashes. But it may be guessed what his feelings were, when he smashed his twelve-dollar meerschaum on Brown's cranium, merely for saying that we had before us a practical illustration of the fact that beauty is

* Fact,—some time previous Robinson had been set on by some desperadoes, late in the night, on a lonely road, when he presented this veritable pipe-case, and the miscreants, mistaking it for a pistol, thought it prudent to 'scatter,' leaving Robinson to go on his way rejoicing.

but skin deep. Neither shall I say much of my own grief not the less poignant, that it was silent, as I mowed down the last vestiges of my hirsute beauties.

I shall not dwell upon the journey homeward, though every little incident is fresh in my memory. I seem to see Robinson's handkerchief popping up to his face, whenever he spied a person coming towards us, notwithstanding Brown's warning to desist, lest some old lady would be giving him a remedy for catarrh. I well remember, too, how my hand would often rise to my chin, and be drawn away suddenly with a start, on finding that the old friends it was wont to caress, were no longer there. I must pass over all this, and come to the parting scene.

It is a beautiful autumn evening, about a week after the foregoing events, that we stand on the wharf, the four of us talking of the times that are gone, and wondering whether we shall ever meet again. Brown's big Newfoundland dog gambols around me, and licks my hand, as if wishing to say good-bye.

As I stoop and take his paw to give it a parting shake, I hear Brown say in a low tone,— "Smitty, you may take 'Rover.'"

I rise in amazement, exclaiming, "Surely, Brown, you're not in earnest!"

"I am in earnest, Smith," he answered with a poor attempt at a smile, "you may take him as a token of remembrance."

"Look here, Brown," I returned, "you surely cannot think I would deprive you of such a treasure as that," for Rover had been the means of saving several lives, and Brown's among the number.

"Never mind that," replied Brown, "when I say a thing I mean it, and you will vex me, if you don't take him. But I must have a last word with the old fellow before he goes," he continued, and as he stooped to caress it, the noble brute looked up with an expression of almost human intelligence, and gave a low whine.

I am almost certain I saw the cynic's lip quiver, but he only said, "I must wish you good-bye Rover,—I hope you'll serve your new master as faithfully as you have me." He then shook me by the hand, saying as he turned to go: "Whatever you do, Smitty, take good care of him."

"I will," I replied fervently, "for the sake of the giver."

When I had got on board I turned and saw Brown, half hidden by a post, gazing wistfully at us as we stood upon the deck.

Ah! Jim Brown, I know what it cost you to part from Rover, though you tried hard to hide it; and though they do call you cynic, Jim, I know you better, for beneath that cold exterior there lies as warm a heart as ever beat.

Jones and Robinson, too, had come down to see me off, and they now stood upon the head of the pier saying good-bye for about the hundredth time. Just as we were beginning to move slowly from the wharf, I was surprised to see Robinson gesticulating violently, nodding his head in the direction of the cabin, and looking wonderfully knowing. Of course, I could not for the life of me tell what these manoeuvres were intended to convey, and I daresay my look expressed as much, for I saw him tear a leaf from his pocket-book and hastily pencil something thereon. Having rolled the slip of paper round a pebble, he threw it towards me, and I was lucky enough to catch it as it hopped from the nose of a respectable old gentleman who was standing near me. On opening it I found the contents as follows:

"Beautiful creature gone down into cabin—such a nose. Have a jolly time. Wish I could take your place. Do the agreeable."

I could not help laughing as I looked towards the writer, for there he stood, nodding and smiling, as much as to say, "As I cannot go myself, I'll trust you with the office."

I smiled sadly as I took a last look at my old friends. Robinson was still motioning towards the cabin, while Jones was tying a muffler round his neck in pantomime, with a view to impress upon my mind the importance of protecting my throat from the night air, for it had been ailing for some time past. Poor Jones! he was always anxious for the welfare of others.

In the deepening twilight we pass down the harbor, as one after another the lights appear in the little town. Faintly borne across the water come the laugh and song of the fisherman and his buxom "gals," as they begin their nightly toil. One by one we leave behind each well-known spot, where many a pleasant hour has been spent. I can see the light in Brown's little sitting room, where all our merry excursions were planned, while far away in the distance, dimly shadowed against the sky, looms the rugged highland where many a wing has fallen to our aim.

Then comes the little cove with its white sandy beach, where we've been wont to sit at eventide enjoying our weed and watching the sea, as it rolled in, winding and hissing among the jagged rocks.

As we pass, I see three dark forms moving along the beach, and I am almost certain 'tis Brown, Jones and Robinson. I see them saunter along the four flat stones, which we used to call our easy-chairs. Then I make out three tiny lights, and I know 'tis they, come out for their evening's smoke. One of the stones will be untenanted to-night, I daresay; even now they are speaking of him who used to occupy that vacant seat; and I believe they'll say no harm, but think kindly of the absent.

The twinkling stars have come out; the last familiar scene has faded in the distance, and I turn sadly away and creep into my lonely berth,

while I breathe a blessing on the true hearts I leave behind.

The scene has changed. I stand in my own room in my native town. The shades of evening gather round as I put the finishing touches to my toilet, and when I mention that I am about to visit my Angelina for the first time since my return, I need not say that my attire is arranged with scrupulous neatness. I take up the brush to smoothe a refractory curl, and ere I lay it down, in the absence of mind natural on such an occasion, I give it a flourish round either jaw, forgetful for a moment of the loss I have sustained. I turn away with a sigh, but console myself with the thought that where two loving hearts are concerned, what matter a few hairs more or less.

I don't recollect how many steps I jumped over coming down stairs, but I remember seeing the inmates of the kitchen rush out expecting to find a subject for an inquest at the bottom. But who can wonder at my spirits being light; for was I not about to see again the joy of my life after a long absence of three months!

The evening too was one to charm the senses. "The moon's pale light shone soft o'er hill and dale."

The evening's shower had revived the drooping flowers, and the air was laden with a thousand balmy odors, while each rustling leaf seemed to jostle and elbow its neighbor, as though to remind it that this was an evening on which they should dance and be merry.

Merrily, too, I march along, swinging my cane and switching at every little pebble in the exuberance of my joy. I suddenly bethink me of how my charmer made me promise to bring her back an account of my travels, of the habits of the people, how they catch their fish, salt their fish, dry their fish, &c., for Angelina takes a great interest in these things. So I begin a mental rehearsal. I have just settled to my satisfaction what are the duties of a header,* when the question arises whether he who cuts off the tail is called the 'tailor.' This important question was under debate when I found myself at Angelina's door.

John Thomas, the footman, with both hands in his pockets, was standing on the steps smoking his pipe and gazing skyward, as though some wonderful stellar phenomenon was momentarily expected.

I accost John Thomas in a free and easy style, for I have known him for many years, and he is one who takes no improper liberties. So I exclaim as I run up the steps, "Well, John Thomas, how has the world been using you since I saw you last?"

John Thomas does not reply with his usual readiness, nor at his usual length; but after snatching his glowing pipe from his mouth and hastily shoving it into the pocket of his coat, to the great danger of that garment, he only gives utterance to one word—"Sir!"—rather in a tone of exclamation than interrogation.

This seems strange; I, therefore, repeat my question, adding that he looks as though he had never seen me before. Whereupon John Thomas, looking completely puzzled, mutters, "Bless me soul an' body, that vice; I shed know that vice. Why, Mr. Smith!" he suddenly exclaimed, in the tone of a school-boy bellowing out the only word he happens to know in his lesson,

"Yes, John," I replied, "it is Mr. Smith."

"Well now," said John Thomas, "who'd a thought it? But I ax yer parding, sir, seen' as how I didn't know you, sir, which you're werry much altered, sir."

This brings to my mind the loss of my whiskers. Ay, 'tis that has wrought the change. But I say to myself, "Such a trifle cannot deceive the eye of love. Oh, no, she will know me."

"Is Miss A—— in?" I asked John Thomas.

"Yes, sir," he answered, "an' Captin White."

"Who is Captain White?" I anxiously inquired.

"He's captin' of a Heast-injy-man as is now in port," replied John Thomas.

"Does he come often?" I asked, as carelessly as I could.

"Well, yes, sir, pretty often, leastways three or four times a week."

I am afraid that at that moment I did not wish Captain White's next voyage to be as pleasant as he could desire; however, I soon banish all uncomfortable thoughts in the anticipation of the joyous meeting, feeling certain that no kind of steel was ever truer than my Angelina.

Just as I am about to enter, I meet a remarkably good-looking gentleman coming out, wearing a really magnificent pair of whiskers, the exact counterpart of my own, (forgive this pardonable bit of pride, dear reader, but they were really fine—I mean mine were). As I pass him, I fear I am not altogether guiltless of the tenth commandment.

But I am staying too long upon the steps,—I must hasten to the glad meeting.

I am ushered into the drawing-room and find myself its sole occupant. As I glance around, I see many evidences of her sweet presence; and, strange to say, the music on the piano is open at the favorite song we used to sing together, while I stood by her turning the leaves, and drinking in the dulcet tones of her melodious voice. Indeed, I have often been so enrapt-

* For the benefit of those of my readers whose travels have not been so extensive as the writer's, I may explain that the 'header' is the individual who decapitates the fish.

tured that I have unconsciously dropped my share in the performance; and she has had to reprove me for making the piece a solo when it should not be one.

But I hear a step upon the stairs. Ah! I should know that gentle footfall among a thousand. I employ the next few moments in picturing the happy meeting, the loving embrace, the little scream, the exclamation of "Oh, Charles, is this you?" or words to that effect.

As I draw this pleasant picture, I leave my seat and stand erect, so that I may be ready for the embrace. I even go so far as to select a good position, with regard to surrounding objects, so that my beloved may be able to rush into my arms without having to dodge round any such impediment as a chair, table, &c.

I am standing thus and gazing at the door, with a pleasant smile playing around my mouth, when it opens (I mean the door) and the idol of my heart is before me.

But alas! I wait in vain for the expected spring into my arms. There is no little scream of glad surprise, nor does she smilingly exclaim "Oh, Charles, &c.!" Alas, no! she does nothing but stand and give a stately bow.

Of course I am thunderstruck. I ask in amazement if it is possible that she has so soon forgotten an old friend.

Then something of the old smile lights up her face, but somehow it is not as bright as it used to be, and there is a curious look in her eyes as she exclaims, "Oh, is it really you, Mr. Smith?" (Ah! Mr., not Charles, as of old.) "I really did not recognize you, you are so changed."

"And oh, Angelina," I mentally ejaculate, "are not you changed?" But I ask of her aloud how I am changed.

"Why, your appearance is greatly altered, and not" (I really think she was about to say 'not for the better,' but she continued, looking a little confused) "I should not have known you but for your voice."

Of course, I had to relate my misfortune in all its torturing details. Once or twice during the recital I noticed a peculiar twinkle in her eye which I must charitably suppose was a twinkle of sympathy, and several times she turned suddenly towards the window, although I don't know that anything extraordinary was going on in the street. I wonder if it was to conceal a pitying tear.

When this subject had been exhausted, there was an uncomfortable silence for some moments, and after several ineffectual efforts to get up the old style of conversation, I asked her if she would kindly favor me with some music.

"You must excuse me, Mr. Smith," she said, "I am so tired, I have been playing all the evening." (Ah! the Captain with the whiskers flashed across my mind.)

After a little more conversation, very different from that of old times, I rose to take my leave.

"I trust you'll call again, Mr. Smith," she said softly. "Father will be glad to see you, but I think he will be away on business to-morrow night, and I have an engagement out too," (again I thought of the whiskered Captain)—"but the next night we shall be happy to see you up."

I did not sleep much that night, for I lay thinking—thinking and wondering if it would all come right at last. After viewing the matter in every possible light, I came to the conclusion that I would learn the true state of affairs on the first opportunity.

On the evening appointed I called again, was welcomed heartily by the old gentleman, and felt altogether more comfortable than on my former visit. In the course of the evening I proposed to Angelina that we should take a walk, and, she being agreeable, we sauntered forth.

"Now or never," I said to myself, so I told my tale of love. In my softest and sweetest tones, I told her all, and, as I finished, I took her hand in mine. But she withdrew it gently but firmly, and there was silence for some moments, while I awaited her answer in an agony of suspense. At length she said in a low tone:

"I exceedingly regret, Mr. Smith, that this should have happened. If I ever seemed to give you any encouragement, or unintentionally led you to indulge in false hopes, I am very sorry—very. But such a thing as you speak of could never be."

I begged her to let me have some definite reason why she could give me no hope. I said I knew I had no right to ask this, but I should take it as a great favor if she would answer me.

"Our tastes, our dispositions are quite different," she said.

"But, oh, Angelina," I cried piteously, "how do you know that we are so different, that we could not be happy together?"

"I know it," she answered; "I can easily read the character in the face."

"Miss A——" I returned sadly, "you won't be angry if I ask you one more question ere I drop the subject, never to trouble you with it again? I would ask you if there was a time when you did care anything about me—any more than you do now?"

"That is hardly a fair question to answer," she replied, looking down; "however, as you seem so anxious about it, I will tell you that there was. At one time, I confess, I did feel a preference for your society, to that of any other

* I may here mention that Angelina professed to be a physiognomist, and often asserted that she could read the character by the face as readily as from a printed book.

gentleman of my acquaintance, but since your return, I—all that has changed."

"Miss A——" said I earnestly, "I implore you to bear with me while I ask one more question, for this may be the last opportunity we shall have of speaking together. Will you tell me if the—loss of my whiskers had anything to do with causing the change?"

"Well, I may say it did, Mr. Smith," she answered.

Perhaps I smiled sarcastically. I don't know, but I may have done so, for she added hastily:

"Don't misunderstand me, Mr. Smith! The loss—hem—the loss to which you refer may not have influenced my decision so directly as you imagine; but it was the means of causing me to change my opinions."

"I shall not do you the injustice," I replied, "of supposing that such a trifling change in my personal appearance could influence you to act as you have done, Miss A——."

"Not at all!" she answered, with a little laugh, "but as you so badly want to know, and in order to do away with such a suspicion as you just hinted at, I suppose I must tell you how it was. You know," she continued, seemingly a little embarrassed, "I can see more of your face now than when you left the country. That being the case, I have gained a new insight into your character."

"Well, Miss A——, I trust my character will bear inspection," I replied somewhat curtly.

"I don't for a moment doubt it, Mr. Smith," she hastened to say. "You wrong me. I do not mean to imply that your character does not come up to the standard I had formed, but only that it is different from what I supposed it to be. You understand me now, Mr. Smith?" she asked, looking earnestly into my face.

I murmured mournfully that I thought I did, meaning that I understood what she intended to say, but I was very far from understanding her.

By this time we had arrived at her own door.

"Won't you come in?" she asked.

"Not to-night, Miss A——," I sighed; "our conversation has quite knocked me up," (or rather down, I should have said.)

She held out her hand, saying, "I trust we shall be as good friends as ever, Mr. Smith?"

"And nothing more?" I asked gloomily.

"Nothing more," she echoed, shaking her head. And so she left me, in a state combining that of the clergyman and maiden referred to in the song, being not only "shaven and shorn," but "all forlorn."

Was this to be the end of all my bright hopes and fond anticipations? Was my delicious dream so soon to vanish? Were all my beautiful castles in the air to be demolished at a blow? Alas! alas!

With heavy steps I wandered homewards, and there, in the solitude of my chamber, I penned a long letter to Brown. In the fulness of my heart, I told him everything—how she had been to me the very air I breathed, the sun of my soul, and the guiding-star of my life. "And how can I exist?" I asked him, "now that I have no air to breathe, and the sun shines no longer, while the star of my life has set forever?"

The concluding paragraph of my letter was as follows:

"My dear Brown,—I want you to write me a good comforting letter, and give me all the consolation you can. I know that the world says you are a stoic and a cynic, and I don't know what besides, but you know that's all bosh. So I shall expect a sympathising letter by the next mail, telling me how you would manage under such painful circumstances, and how you would seek consolation if your soul were in my soul's stead. Remember me to Jones and Robinson. I wish I could be with you now, for this place has become hateful to me, everything reminding me of the times that have been, but can never be again."

A few weeks afterwards I received Brown's reply, and a curious piece of composition it was. He began by saying that my letter had made him feel both glad and sorry. He was glad to find I was well, with the exception of a little love-sickness (ah, Brown, did you ever feel it?), and that I did not forget old friends. But he was sorry to hear that such a trifle as "singed whiskers" had cast a blight upon my prospects. He said that he had read a number of extraordinary love-yarns, but mine beat them all by "long chalks" (sic). He also said that he had read somewhere of "beauty drawing as with a single hair." "Now you know, my dear fellow," he said, "you shouldn't be surprised if Beauty left you behind when you and the 'hair' parted. In fact, I think we may consider her former partiality as only another instance of capillary attraction."

"But seriously, my dear Smitty," this is how he closed his epistle; "but seriously, my dear Smitty, if all had turned out as you wished, could you trust a future little Smitty to the care of one who would turn off a man because he happened to have a little less furniture about the jaws, or a bump or depression more or less than she had previously noted,—I say, could you go away and leave the little innocent in the arms of such a physiognomical and phrenological mother? What if she were to find a feature that did not come up to her standard! Why, I shudder to think of the consequences! So, you see, it may have turned out for the best, after all."

* I thought of omitting the foregoing paragraph, lest some evil-disposed persons should be uncharitable enough to impute my publishing

"Christmas will soon be along," (this is still the letter) "Christmas will soon be along, and we want you to take a run down and spend it with us. I guarantee you'll find many a sweet creature here, who would not throw away a dicky-bird because it may have happened to lose a few feathers. Now do come, and we'll give you such a welcome as you won't forget in a hurry."

Such was the style of Brown's letter. I confess that sentence about the "dicky-bird" is somewhat obscure. I must not forget to ask him for an explanation in my next.

Perhaps the reader will say that such an epistle did not contain much comfort. Well, I thought the same at first, but I like it better now. On reading it for the first time, I said to myself, "'Tis not strange, Brown, that you should make light of my grief, for your heart has never been torn and lacerated as mine has been!" And yet it sometimes strikes me that Brown may have passed through the like dark waters of affliction, that he, too, may have "loved and lost." For often, when he thought himself unobserved, while Robinson has been contrasting the enjoyments of married life with the miserable loneliness of the bachelor, I have seen him gaze into the fire with such a sad, wistful look! The hard lines had disappeared from the face, and it wore an expression mild and gentle as that of a woman. And when we would rally him on his abstraction, tendering him a small coin for his thoughts, he would start as from a dream, and be the cynic immediately, dispensing his bitter pills more freely than ever. Yes, Brown, I sometimes thought you were no exception to the rule that "there is a skeleton in every house," but I did not know all till a few days ago, when I learnt it from one by whom you were deeply wronged, but who now loves and honors you. He told me how he had been the means of separating her and you, Brown, and how, after having wandered in many a foreign land, you returned just in time to see the loved one laid in the ground. And I know, too, that when they bore her to her last resting-place, you followed at a distance, and stood afar-off while she was lowered into the grave, and how you shuddered when the mould rattled on the coffin-lid. And when the last shovel of earth had been thrown over the dear form, and the last loiterer had left the graveyard, I know how, with faltering steps, you approached the new-made grave, and stood long and earnestly gazing downwards, as though trying to call her back from the "echoless shore;" and as you turned away, with the impress of your great sorrow upon your face, your thoughts wandered back to the past, among the happy scenes of the long ago, and with these came the thoughts of what might have been.

And, more than this, I know, Brown, how on many a stormy night your body has sheltered that sacred spot, as though the poor senseless dust beneath could feel the beating of the storm. Then, too, you thought of what might have been.

And, knowing all this, Brown, I can tell what visions you saw in the flickering blaze,—a fair young face, very beautiful, with its border of golden ringlets and the laughing blue eyes that were wont to smile so sweetly, but will never smile again, and the lips which ever spoke so lovingly till Death touched them with his icy finger, and commanded silence. Yes, Brown, you were again thinking of what might have been.

And now, kind reader, you may wonderingly ask what induced me to publish this. Well, I had several reasons for doing so. One of them was that I thought I should feel relieved by pouring my woes into some pitying ear. Another reason I had for giving publicity to my troubles was the desire to avoid misunderstanding, and that there may be no wrong construction put upon my otherwise unaccountable actions, for my friends tell me that I am sometimes seen under very suspicious circumstances. After these confessions, dear reader, if you should meet me, you will know what has thinned my hair, dimmed my eyes, paled my cheek, and caused my once springing step to become languid and slow. And if it should be your lot to see me, while walking along the street, suddenly fly off at a tangent, and precipitately make for the first door that offers shelter, please don't imagine 'tis to escape the sheriff's officer; and if it should happen to be a liquor store that I have hastily entered, don't think, gentle reader, that it is with the intent to imbibe spirituous liquors. Ah, no! it is to avoid Angelina's carriage, which is coming down the street at the rate of several knots. I cannot yet bear with equanimity the look of mingled pity and contempt which John Thomas bestows. Nor can I bear without flinching the triumphant look of the whiskered Captain, nor (worst of all) the beaming smile with which Angelina gazes upwards at the said Captain's face. Not yet is my wound sufficiently healed to bear such rough usage! When I think of all I have suffered, I wonder that my hair has not turned grey. But I fear even this won't be left me to boast of much longer, for, if I don't mistake, while making my toilet yesterday, I found a very suspicious looking hair, but while taking it to the window to make certain, I lost it. However, I can conscientiously say that I have lost, on an average, three hairs daily for the past week, which amounts to twenty-one

it to unworthy motives, such as petty revenge, or a desire to annoy Angelina; but I deny that I am actuated by any such motives. I merely wish, in justice to Brown, to give what I consider the chief points of his letter.

for that short space of time. This may give some idea of the ravages of grief.

I have at last resolved on availing myself of Brown's invitation. It may be I shall never return to view again the scenes that were once so dear. Then, Angelina, you may have the consolation of knowing that you banished from his native land, and made a wanderer, a poor broken-hearted man, whose only fault was that "he loved—not wisely, but too well." Nevertheless, I forgive you, Angelina, I forgive you, but, alas! I cannot forget!

I have just been very near killing two innocent persons, besides bringing my own wretched life to an untimely close. While walking out in the dusk of the evening, I came upon John Thomas quite suddenly, and as I could not escape, of course I was obliged to stand my ground. Vowing that I would not be pitied by a footman, and determined to put a bold face on the matter, I exclaimed in as off-handed a manner as I could assume:

"Say, John Thomas, how is your young mistress?"

"She's putty well, sir," he answered; "she went off last night, sir."

"Went off! How! Where?" I asked in amazement.

"Went off in that ere Heast-ingy-man—both on 'em—werry quiet affair. Slung the slipper after 'em myself, sir."

Very rudely expressing an unchristian wish that it had been something heavier than a slipper, I took to ignominious flight. Ah! John Thomas, you never before, in all your experience, saw coat-tails fly round a corner as mine did at that moment! As I swept round the said corner, preceding the coat-tails aforesaid, I caught a glimpse of a portly old gentleman directly before me, apparently engaged in admiring the upper story of some public building. Before I could alter my course, that same gentleman was lying on his back in the street, making eccentric motions with his arms and legs, like a huge bumble-bee on a cold autumn day. I regret to say I did not wait to tender him assistance, on the principle that in such cases "delays are dangerous," but continued my headlong course, regardless of the cries of an old gentleman who kept on demanding that I should return instantly and answer for my assault and battery, as it was a clear case of intent to do "grievous bodily harm."

Without slackening my speed, I reached my lodgings, and, after mounting the first flight of stairs, was flying along the passage, when I felt a shock, and heard a shrill voice gasp "Law-sakes!" I found I had come into violent collision with the landlady, and she being rather corpulent, and the inertia tremendous, I rebounded like an india-rubber ball, and only that I clutched the bannisters at the head of the stairs, I should have arrived at the bottom in the reverse of the ordinary way.

It did not take many minutes to get my things packed, so that on that very night I was on my way to see Brown, Jones and Robinson once again.

Merrily we skim along the waves, as they dance and sparkle in the silvery moonlight, and quickly I leave behind the scene of my hopes and disappointments.

Farewell my native land! Farewell old house! farewell ye towering chimneys! ye are fast disappearing from my view, perhaps never to be seen again. And a long farewell to thee, in whom all my earthly hopes were centred, who was the joy of my life—my treasure, my all. I'll think no hard thoughts of thee, Angell—I mean, Mrs. Capt. White—I'll think no hard thoughts of thee, but try to believe it was my foolish presumption that led to all my troubles. I'll try to think that all your loving looks were only those of friendship, that when you smiled so sweetly—but no matter; "let bygones be bygones," my dear girl—my dear madam, "let the dead past bury its dead."

And now, dear reader, I bid you too farewell, while I try to gather what little consolation I may from the following lines of the poet, although I sometimes doubt that, when penning them, he viewed the matter by the light of my sad experience—I mean to say that I doubt if by the word "lost" he meant exactly lost in the sense of becoming "another's" (as Mr. Moddle would say). However, as "the drowning man will grasp at a straw," so I catch at the poet's words, and say as resignedly as I can:

"Tis better to have loved and lost
Than never to have loved at all!"

THE GARDEN OF SAMARCAND.

AN ORIENTAL TALE.

The garden of Samarcand was the loveliest place in the world. Fountains of sparkling rose-water fell, with merry waltzes, into basins of diamond and pearl, flinging their silvery showers over the blushing, smiling flowers. Tall trees with odorous blooms and leaves, waved by the zephyr's fragrant-breath, murmured sweetest songs as they towered toward the azure sky. Large golden mannees, mandarin oranges and tomerongs, rich purplish mangustins, rose-apples, crimson as the sunset clouds, the pale yellow flat peach, and all of the delicious tropical

* The author here refers to the house and chimneys of Angelina's respected father.

fruits, were in abundance. The liveliest imagination can have but a faint idea of its glorious beauty. It was enclosed by three walls of white marble, each wall having one gate, and each gate guarded by a dragon; the whole surrounded by a lake whose depth could not be ascertained.

It was a lovely day in summer, the air fragrant with the breath of flowers, and thrilling with bird-songs, when King Al Edrie called his three sons, and thus addressed them:—

"My sons, the youngest of you is of age this day. Go up to the ivory tower, look in the mirrors, and you will see your future brides."

The eldest soon took the golden key with a low bow, and, followed by his brothers, went up the marble steps leading to the ivory tower.

There were three mirrors, set in frames of costly gems. One either side of the door, and one directly opposite, enveloped in a red curtain. Sentrim, the eldest, stepped to the right hand; Alrie, to the left; leaving to Alin the veiled mirror. Raising the curtain, Alin started back in horror, for a stream of blood flowed from beneath his hand. Gathering courage, he again raised the curtain. A pavilion enveloped in a snowy curtain met his eye. Slowly it was raised, and he saw a young girl leaning against a pillar of red-veined marble.

A dress of the purest white fell in graceful folds around her slender figure; and a dove, with feathers tinged with gold, fluttered over her head. Her countenance was sad as is the angel on our right shoulder who weeps when we repent of evil, and her eyes were filled with tears. Fair as the snow of Lebanon, with a tint on her cheeks delicate as the heart of the rose-apple, deepening to scarlet on the exquisite lips, eyes blue as the Southern sky, delicately chiselled features, and such tiny white hands!

"It is well," said the King, when the young men had returned to him. "The maiden thou hast seen, Sentrim, is none other than the eldest daughter of our neighbour, King Aleppo. Thou, also, Alrie, hast seen well, for Prince Avin's only daughter hast thou looked favourably upon. But thou, O Alin, youngest of thy brothers! hast wildly and foolishly placed thy silly head in danger; for the maiden thou hast seen is kept prisoner in the garden of Samarcand, guarded by horrible dragons. Truly thou shalt deal in blood, ere thou wilt release her."

"My father," replied the Prince proudly, "I will release her from her prison."

"My son, my son!" sighed the King, "thy years have not brought thee discretion. Knowest thou that thou must enter the garden and gather a certain luscious fruit. Consider, I pray you, the danger of the expedition."

"My father, love is stronger than danger." "The Prophet Corihma prophesied danger for thee. Go to him, and he will direct thy course, foolhardy though it be; for many go hither, and none return."

Consulting the Book of Fate, Corihma threw an arrow of light into the air, and said to him:—"This arrow will lead you to a dervish, who will guide you further. There are great dangers before you, but you will overcome them."

Alin thanked him, and soon came to the dervish, who was sitting by the roadside, smoking a long chibouq. Looking keenly at the Prince, he said:—"You come from the Prophet Gorihma, who bids me help you on your journey. Turn neither to the right hand nor the left, until you come where seven roads meet. There is a tree at the side of each road, and a bird in each tree. They will immediately cry out the advantages of their particular road, but you must not answer a word, and heed only the white bird, who will give you three stars. Him you must obey in every particular."

Alin obeyed him, and went on slowly, for the way was full of sharp-pointed rocks, and brambles by the side caught his clothes and scratched his hands. After a long time, he came to where the seven roads met, when six of the birds directly called out:—"Take my road, and it will lead you safely to the Princess Lalia, whom you seek. There are all sorts of dangers in the others; but the giant in this is my friend, and he will take you on his back and set you over the high wall into the garden."

"Believe them not! The giant would devour you at a mouthful. I am the one who will guide you to Samarcand."

After screaming till they were hoarse, the birds became angry and flew at each other, pecking furiously.

Then the white bird said, in a sweet voice; "Noble Prince, hasten away ere this turmoil ceases. Follow and obey implicitly the three stars, or they will leave you to your fate. You can safely sleep while they watch over you; but beware! close not thine eyes in Sleeping Valley. List not to the sirens who would woo thee to a never-ending sleep; and taste no drink nor fruit, except over which the stars cast a radiance. As soon as you leave Sleeping Valley, you will come to an old woman spinning cobwebs with a golden wheel, who will furnish you with what you need."

Alin bowed three times, and taking the road indicated, walked away at a brisk pace. The road was through a sort of cavern of twilight dimness. Massive rocks rose either side of a stone pathway, flowers that gleamed like a flame of fire, birds with trumpet-like voice, and fruit crimson as the pomegranate blossom, golden as the acacia, purple as the famed Tyrian purple, whereof kings' robes were made, white as the snow blossom, with veins of pink, blue, scarlet and gold running through the glossy outside covering.

Wearily and thirstily, he pressed on. Alas! must he die of thirst and hunger when the fruits

of all climes surrounded him, and he could hear tinkling streams flowing over the rocks, and see the glint and sparkle of their diamond drops? On, on went the stars, their radiant light lighting the dimness of the cavern. At last they hovered over a tree with spreading branches, laden with fruit, pink as the seashell's heart, and sweet as honey to the taste.

Sleeping Valley was close to a cavern. Such a lovely, sleepy place as it was! The grass was green as orange leaves; watered by a fragrant dew, and waved by a gentle wind, it gave forth a perfume like the rarest flowers. There were trees a hundred feet in height, forming arches of lying green. Some had scarlet leaves and golden blossoms, purple and crimson, green and gold, pink and white. One tree would bear half a dozen different kinds of fruit in clusters together. Flowers of all kinds, and perfumes, fringed the valley's emerald-green robe, from the blue-eyed violet to the rose of Sharon and Damascus, and the lily of the valley, eight feet in circumference.

Over the valley was the purple haze of summer twilight, with its subtle breath and fragrant air, thrilling Alin to the heart. The peaceful, dreamy happiness that heralds sleep took possession of his frame, and the songs of the birds and murmur of the streamlets rippling through the lovely bowers, rang melodiously in his brain. Beautiful youths came from under the feathery tree branches, offering wine and fruit with gentle tones and graceful gestures. Alin turned from them hastily, and the stars shot forth fiery sparks.

Then lovely maids from all nations—from the dusky Ethiop to the fair Circassian—greeted him with joyous, winning smiles and sweetest tones.

"Rest, noble Prince, in this valley of love," they cried, in tones sweet as the bulbul's love-song. "We will gather thee fruit of every tree, and strew rose-leaves for thy couch, and bring thee wine from the vintage of Damascus, and sweet-flowing waters from our Fragrant Spring, and thou wilt never know aught of sorrow again. Rest thee in peaceful sleep, and we will sing thee songs of love."

Under nearly every tree Alin saw sleeping youths; but he resolutely kept on his way, never heeding the winning tones, nor tempting offers of fruit and wine, which they offered him on salvers of solid gold and cups of pearl and sapphire.

When he wavered in his heart, the stars grew dim; when he grew strong in purpose, they shone in glorious brightness. He had gone about half-way through the valley, when a young girl, before whom the others paled as stars before the sun, paused before him. Her dress of crimson velvet was crusted with jewels wrought into the semblance of birds and flowers. Her long, jetty hair was one glitter of gems, and her snowy neck was covered with the richest necklaces.

Alin looked at her in admiration. She accosted him in tones so musical the birds hushed their songs and the streams their murmur to listen, and offered him a goblet of pearl blazing with diamonds.

"Look at these rugged mountains," cried the siren, "either side our lovely valley! Their rocks are sharp as hatred, and slippery as falsehood; and behold! they reach to the skies. Rest thee, if but a moment, beside our Fragrant Spring, shaded by fringing palms."

Alin answered not a word; and as if by magic the scene was changed. Youths and maidens followed him, shouting and flinging stones, branches of trees, and showering him with water. One star went behind him, and it was darkness to his pursuers; the others guarded and guided him to the old woman. As soon as his pursuers saw her, they rushed away headlong with horrible shrieks and groans.

"Your way leads through the bowels of the earth," said she; "and here is a ball of light to guide you through the darkness. A giant with six legs and four arms will challenge you to battle, when this sword of keenness will stand you good service. After despatching this monster you will come to the lake before the garden of Samarcand. You must then say, three times, authoritatively, 'I command you in the name of the Prophet Corihma to lower the drawbridge,' being very careful not to fall into the lake. On reaching the other side, a man twenty feet in height, and ten across the shoulders, will challenge you to a race. You must, by wit and shrewdness, outwit him, for you cannot possibly outrun him. When you have won the race, he will become your friend and do you signal service. I have spun you a net and rope of gold, silver, and spiders' web, which you must use as occasion requires. But if your heart is not pure, you had better return, for no tongue can paint the dangers you will have to overcome. Wisdom is more than might, and cunning is more than an army. Challenge the first dragon to mortal combat, and be not dismayed at his fury. The second dragon will send an army of toads against you. If you can secure the first one, you can easily secure him. The third dragon is the most powerful of all. Then will thy courage and shrewdness test itself. Take of my spinning whatever you like. Farewell."

Alin thanked her respectfully, and chose a golden bow with golden arrows no larger than your finger. The old woman's eyes sparkled, and she set to spinning as if the world was kept moving by her exertions.

The ball of light, from which rays and sparkles of light glanced like rockets in the inky blackness, kept steadily on. Alin could only see one step ahead; when he had taken that, another

appeared. The most fearful groans and pitiful shrieks issued from the walls, and doors were shaken violently. Now Alin was very brave, as all good people ought to be, and he called out, in a loud voice, so that all should hear:—"Wait patiently, my friends, a little longer, and I will free you from your horrible prison."

The words had scarcely left his lips ere the place was shaken as by a mighty wind, and a huge black giant, with a tall Norwegian pine for a staff, appeared, shaking the earth with every step. His eyes (two in front, two on each side, and two behind) were as large as dinner-plates; and each of his four arms was as long as a man's body, and his voice sounded like the ocean when a furious storm lashed it to fury.

"Who are you, who dares wake me from sleep?" he cried, angrily. "Come hither, and I will add yet another to the many who with groans and shrieks soothe me to sleep. Ah! I see you. Take that for your temerity," aiming a heavy blow at Alin with his staff.

Quietly evading it, Alin fixed a golden arrow in his bow, and the next moment it had pierced the sight of one of the giant's eyes. Woetvall roared so loud it sounded like the din of artillery when two mighty armies meet, and vainly endeavoured to strike the young Prince, blowing great clouds of smoke from his mouth to suffocate him. But the ball of light burnt it up ere it reached Alin. When the fourth eye was pierced, Woetvall caused an earthquake to shake the earth to its foundations. At the fifth, the air was filled with sulphurous flame and smoke, and red-hot tongues lapped the water that issued from Woetvall's mouth. At the destruction of the sixth eye, the earth whirled rapidly, the thunder crashed to a deafening roar, flames of fire lit the darkness like day, red-hot balls whizzed with frightful hisses through the air, the earth opened and closed, vomiting floods of water and flames of fire.

Alin immediately seized the Sword of Keenness and cut off the monster's head, when the flames and balls disappeared, and the place became quiet. The ball of light had shone steadily through all the battle; but now it shot forth sparks like stars, and Alin found himself on the shore of the Black Lake. Commanding the drawbridge to be lowered, he heard a heavy noise, and a bit of board no more than two inches wide was thrown over the lake. Flinging a golden rope over a tree on the other side, he stepped on the bridge. Up and down went the bridge rapidly, and he must have inevitably have fallen if he had not taken the precaution to fasten a rope to the tree opposite.

A giant advanced to meet him, and challenged him to a race.

"Very well," said Alin.

Comolin's hair hung down to his heels in thick curls, and as he turned to run, Alin caught one of the long curls, and in a few moments was safely ensconced on the giant's shoulder. On went Comolin like the wind; and, after running till out of breath, he paused, and looked round. Alin was nowhere to be seen, and he burst into a hearty laugh.

"Let him laugh who wins," exclaimed the Prince, who had descended to the ground, and stood a little in advance of Comolin.

"My friend, my deliverer!" cried Comolin, in tones singularly soft and sweet, clasping Alin in his arms and nearly squeezing the breath out of him; "how can I thank thee? The spell is broken, and I am free. The wicked enchanter who guards Samarcand placed me under a spell until some one beat me in a race. Ask what you will for you are the first who has beaten me, and I will do it if possible."

"Help me to enter the garden of Samarcand, and be my friend."

"With all my heart," replied Comolin.

After a while they came to the first wall round the garden. The dragon lay half-asleep in the sunshine; and Alin had an opportunity to see how terrific he was. He had two heads with a face on each side of them, and four arms, and four legs covered with hair.

"What ho!" cried Alin; "I challenge you to a mortal combat."

The dragon shook himself, and rushed at Alin with his great mouths open, brandishing his arms, and yelling hideously. Seizing Alin, Comolin placed him in a tree, and ran a few rods, thus drawing the attention of the dragon to himself.

With a loud roar, the dragon gave chase to Comolin, going directly under the tree in which Alin was concealed, when the young man at one blow cut off both his heads. The body rolled into the Black Lake with a boom like the discharge of a cannon; and the first wall fell to the ground, shaking the earth to its centre.

The second dragon no sooner saw Alin and Comolin than he sent an army of toads, with eyes all over their bodies, to devour them. Spreading the silver net on the grass with one of the spider's webs over it, Alin, with a dexterous movement, caught them all, for they did not notice the web beneath, but thought there were but spider's webs on the grass, tinged with sunshine. This dragon had four heads and eight arms, with feathers for hair. Finding his army destroyed, he was furious; and spitting in the air, it was filled with flies, that flew at Alin and Comolin, trying to pierce them with their stings. It was of no avail, for Comolin had hid the Prince in his long hair, and combed it over his face, and it was so thick the flies could not pierce through it. The dragon then threw a stone in the air, and it became an eagle, but this also could not pierce Comolin's hair. Seizing a stone, Comolin threw it with its full strength at the dragon, shattering one of his heads into fragments. Alin at the same

time shot a golden arrow at the second head's mouth, piercing the windpipe, and thus choking him. In this way he was soon despatched; and the second wall fell down with a crash, like the overthrow of a mighty army.

The third dragon had ten heads, full of eyes before and behind, and his body was covered with scales like a fish. He opened his ten mouths, and gave a roar that was heard to the ends of the earth, when he saw the Prince and Comolin; and immediately the sun was darkened, and instead of light, there was inky blackness.

Fiery arrows, red-hot stones weighing several tons, horses with breast-plates of fire, red-hot lava, and other terrible missiles, came towards them; but ere they reached them, they were destroyed by the ball of light.

Although Comolin threw great stones, weighing a ton, at the dragon's heads, and Alin had shot at them with his golden arrows, they made no more impression than so much dust. Sulphurous smoke, wasps as large as eagles, and terrible beasts came out of the dragon's throat, but they were destroyed by the ball of light as fast as they appeared. At length Comolin threw a golden rope over the monster's feet, and pinned them to the ground; and despite the dragon's struggles, he and Alin had thrown ropes over each head.

They had no sooner conquered the dragon than they heard the sound of rejoicing; and, taking the form of a bat, the enchanter flew away.

Mounted on Comolin's shoulder, Alin plucked a luscious fruit; and as soon as he had done this, the last wall fell down, and the birds burst into an ecstasy of song. The trees waved their fragrant branches, and the fountains rippled forth a more musical strain.

To Alin's surprise he saw a magnificent palace in the centre of the garden, surrounded with olive and fig trees, their deep-green leaves and bright golden blossoms gleaming in the sun. Instead of being far distant from Elremonda, Alin found himself within a day's journey of his home.

The beautiful Princess Lalla was no longer pale and sad as she greeted Alin; and the young man thought if she was charming before, she was glorious now.

Prince Alin was welcomed as one risen from the dead; and the whole city was gathered together, for the sleepers in Sleeping Valley had awakened, and Woeval's prisoners were freed from their horrible prison, who had hastened to Elremonda to greet their deliverer.

Prince Alin's marriage with the lovely Princess Lalla was celebrated the following day with great pomp and rejoicing; and at this day Comolin lives with him in the beautiful garden of Samarcand.

HINTS TO FARMERS.

SHEEP.—Keep them dry, giving breeding ewes as much exercise as possible, but avoid exposure to storms, especially of rain. Keep the weak sheep in separate pens from the strong, and the lambs separate from the old sheep, and feed them better.

CLEAN THE PATHS OF SNOW.—Men inclined to procrastinate wait until the storm is over, for fear that if they sweep off the snow it will blow in again! They like to walk about in the snow. By and by, some days or weeks after the storm is over, they will spend hours in doing what a little promptness would have enabled them to do in minutes. Clear off the snow at once, while it is still falling if need be. It will save labor in the end, and you can get about with ease and comfort.

HORSES.—If possible, find something for your teams to do. Avoid exposing them to severe storms. Use the brush freely, and feed more or less grain. It is cheaper than hay. A common mistake is to keep horses in the stable for days or weeks, and then perhaps take a load of grain or wood eight or ten miles to market, and when there let them stand out in the cold. The horses are weak from want of exercise and nutritious food, and when they get home they are in an exhausted condition. Grain is perhaps then given them—and the end is indigestion, colic, and death. A warm bran-mash might have saved them. But steady work and liberal feeding are the true preventives.

LIVING FENCE POSTS.—Some of the Western papers have discussed at length the advantages and drawbacks of employing growing trees for fence posts. The most of those who have experimented have found a difficulty rendering those fences a failure from the increase in size by growth, which crowds the boards off where they have been nailed on. The nails soon lose their power to hold the boards, and the fences are broken down and become useless. Others have employed trees for supporting wire fences, but the wood grows over the staples, and they require annual loosening. We have seen two modes of constructing fences of living posts, which obviate the difficulty. Small mortices were at first made into the tree, to let in the ends of the rails, carefully cut off the right length, and selected for their flat form and straight appearance. In the course of years the growth of the trees held these rails immovably fast. This was more than forty years ago, and the fence lasted a long time, or until the wood of the rails decayed. By using double timber, we see no reason why a fence of this kind might not be made advantageously, and any rapidly growing tree might be employed for posts.

ONING THE HARNESS.—In these times of

poor leather, we should clean and oil the harness at least once a year, to keep it in good condition, and to reduce the wear and tear as much possible. Don't let the job out to the harness maker, but some of these stormy days when the harness is not in use, just take it into the workshop and commence operations. Take the harness all apart, and scrape off all scurf, hairs and dirt, and wash the leather clean with soap and hot water. Then heat two or three quarts of neatsfoot oil in a long shallow pan, and draw each piece of leather through it slowly, bending the leather backward and forward, and rubbing the oil in with a cloth or sponge. Hang near the fire to dry, and repeat the process until the leather is saturated with oil; mix a little lamp-black with clean tallow, and with a cloth rub it into the leather while warm, until the pores are filled and the surface becomes smooth and glossy. If a harness is oiled in this way it is never gummy, and will therefore keep clean a long time.—Sometimes linseed oil or adulterated oils are used, but they dry on the leather and make it gummy, dirt and hair stick to it, and the harness gets so filthy as to soil everything it touches. After the harness has had a good oiling, an occasional rubbing with tallow and lamp-black will keep the leather tough and pliable, and prevent it from cracking.—*Country Gentleman.*

SCIENTIFIC AND USEFUL.

THE BLUE COLOR OF THE SKY.—A curious cause is assigned by M. Collas for the blue color of the sky. In opposition to M. Lallemand, who attributes the color to a fluorescent phenomenon—a reduction of refrangibility in the actinic rays beyond the violet end of the spectrum—M. Collas maintains that the color is due to the presence of hydrated silica in a very finely-divided state, carried into the atmosphere with the aqueous vapor. The blue color of the Lake of Geneva is referred to a similar cause.

PROFESSOR B. A. GOULD, the American astronomer, and superintendent of the national observatory established recently at Cordova, in the Argentine Republic, writes to *Silliman's Journal* that the telegraph from Buenos Ayres over the Andes to Chili has been completed, and that a branch line is in process of construction to the national observatory at Santiago, the capital of Chili, which will furnish direct telegraphic communication between those two astronomical stations, the most important in South America.

It is a curious fact that the bite of the cobra di capello, although fatal to any non-venomous snake, is not injurious apparently to one of its own kind, yet Dr. Fayrer, in his recently published account of the venomous serpents of India, vouches for it. He also tells us, what is known to few, that a poisonous snake may bite without allowing its poison to exude. Though the number of young girls who are bitten by venomous snakes in Hindostan is smaller than the number of boys so bitten, the mortality from snake-bite is greater among women than among men.

The cause of consumption is naturally an attractive subject for the physician, as we should judge from the frequent appearance of medical works advancing new theories in regard to it. Dr. Henry McCormac believes that he has at last discovered the true cause of this most destructive disease in the re-breathing of air—that consumption is induced solely by breathing air which has already passed through the lungs. As to the importance of fresh air as a preservative of health, all medical men will agree with him, but his theory as a whole will scarcely be accepted.

From the annual report of the New York State Museum of Natural History we learn that Mr. Verplank Colvin, who accurately measured the altitude of Mount Seward, one of the higher peaks of the Adirondack mountains, found its summit to be 4,462 feet above the level of the sea. Mount Marcy, the loftiest peak in the State, rises to 5,467 feet—more than one thousand feet higher. Mount Washington, in New Hampshire, one hundred and fifty miles distant, could be seen from the summit. Mr. Colvin fears that the rapid destruction of the Adirondack forests is causing a sensible decrease in the water supply of the region, which will ultimately render it impossible to navigate the Hudson more than half as far as at present.

The French Minister of Agriculture is making the most determined efforts to arrest the vine disease which has assumed such formidable proportions in France. An accomplished chemist has been sent into the country to make it his exclusive study, and each day he spends several hours lying on the ground close to the affected plants, and watches the minute insect called the *Phylloxera vastatrix*, which makes such havoc among them. He finds that "they take a constitutional walk at noon and retire at sunset. The only way to protect a vine is to lay bare the roots of the plant so as to make a circular basin, and to keep this filled with water for several days."

MR. FRANK BUCKLAND, the naturalist, is a great authority on fishes. He is the director of the Museum of Economic Fish Culture at South Kensington, which contains representations of nearly every rare or remarkable sea or freshwater fish captured in Great Britain and Ireland during the last seven years. All sorts of odd fish are sent to him from all parts of the world. He lately received a sunfish weighing 900 pounds. "I expect," he writes, "these monster sunfish live among the dense forest of sea-weeds which grow in such luxuriance in

tropical seas, but we have no definite information on the subject, nor do we know where they breed; they are generally found floating in a helpless state, drifting with the current on top of the water." An electric eel, sent to Mr. Buckland from the Upper Amazon, unfortunately died on the passage, within two days of Liverpool, of the excitement caused by administering an electric shock to a gentleman who put his hand into the tub where it was kept.

FAMILY MATTERS.

BURNS.—Clarified honey, applied on a linen rag, will cure the pain of a burn, as if by magic.

SORE EYES.—A little alum boiled in a tea-cupful of milk, and the curd used as a poultice, is excellent for inflammation of the eyes.

RESTORING FADED CRAPE.—Dip the crape into a decoction of black tea, and then lay it between sheets of brown paper, placing a flat board above.

INK SPOTS may be removed from colored fabrics by a concentrated solution of sodium pyrophosphate, which dissolves the ink slowly without affecting the color of the fabric.

TO CLEAN A HAIR BRUSH.—Put a tablespoonful of spirits of hartshorn in a pint of water and wash the brush in it. It will very quickly make the brush clean as new; we have tried it.

REMEDY FOR BOILS, &c.—It has been stated that strong tincture of iodine applied to boils and carbuncles will shorten the suppurative stages more than one half; and, at the very first application, will almost entirely remove pain and other disagreeable symptoms.

RHEUMATISM.—Bathe the parts affected with water in which potatoes have been boiled, as hot as can be borne, just before going to bed; by the next morning the pain will be much relieved, if not removed. One application of this simple remedy has cured the most obstinate rheumatic pains.

A SECRET FOR A FARMER'S WIFE.—While the milking of your cows is going on, let your pans be placed on a kettle of boiling water. Turn the milk into one of the pans taken from the kettle of boiling water, and cover the same with another of the hot pans, and proceed in the same manner with the whole mess of milk, and you will find that you have double the quantity of sweet and delicious butter.

BEST CURE FOR TOOTHACHE.—A correspondent sends us the following, which he says seldom fails to give instant relief: "Strongest liquid ammonia, spirits of camphor, laudanum, of each 60 drops, chloroform, 30 drops, tincture of myrrh 40 drops. The gums should be well rubbed by the finger with this essence, and it should be also applied to the tooth with a piece of cotton wool. A piece of wool soaked in it should be likewise placed in the ear on the side the tooth aches."

VALUABLE "SECRETS."—The unpleasant odor produced by perspiration is frequently the source of vexation to persons who are subject to it. Nothing is more simple than to remove this odor much more effectually than by the application of such costly unguents and perfumes as are now in use. It is only necessary to procure some of the compound spirits of ammonia, and place about two tablespoonfuls in a basin of water. Washing the face, hands and arms with this it leaves the skin as clean, sweet and fresh as one could wish. The wash is perfectly harmless and very cheap. It is recommended on the authority of an experienced physician.

GOLDEN GRAINS.

FAMILY jarring vulgarizes; family union elevates.

MANY men spend their lives in gazing at their own shadows.

A WISE man's thoughts walk within him, but a fool's without.

GOOD COMPANY.—Keep good company, and be one of the number.

THERE is one thing which can always be found, and that is—fault.

THE greatest truths are the simplest, so are the greatest men and women.

IT seems as if half the world were purblind; they can see nothing unless it glitters.

IF you would not have affliction visit you twice, listen at once to that it teaches.

SOME people are very like Shakespeare's description of Argus, "all eyes and on sight."

EXCESSIVE indulgence to children, by parents, is only self-indulgence under another name.

PLATO says that God has so framed his laws that it is for the advantage of every one to observe them.

MEN want restraining as well as propelling power. The good ship is provided with anchors as well as sails.

THE BEST ACCOUNTANT.—He is the best accountant who can count up correctly the sum of his own errors.

KEEP your store of smiles and your kindest thoughts for home. Give to the world only those which are to spare.

GIVE us sincere friends or none. This hollow glitter of smiles and words, compliments that mean nothing, is worthless.

THE mind is too often like a sheet of white paper in this,—that the impressions it receives the oftenest, and retains the longest, are black ones.

EDITING a newspaper is very much like raking a fire—every one thinks he can perform the operation better than the man who has hold of the poker.

HUMOROUS SCRAPS.

THE home circuit.—Walking about with baby in the night.

ARTEMUS WARD said of Chaucer, "He has talent, but he can't spell."

MELANCHOLY SUICIDE.—A little boy, on being threatened with a whipping, hung his head.

"WHY DID HE NOT DIE?" is the title of a new novel. We have not read the conundrum, but believe the answer to be, because he refused to take his medicine.

OF a miserly man who died of softening of the brain, a local paper said, "His head gave way, but his hand never did. His brain softened, but his heart couldn't."

A YOUNG lady at Greenville, Tennessee, recently presented her lover with an elaborately constructed pen-wiper, and was astonished the following Sunday to see him enter church, wearing it as a cravat.

A NASHVILLE washerwoman, finding in a lot of dirty clothes a new-fashioned shirt opening at the back, sewed it up, cut open the bosom and sewed on buttons, to the intense disgust of her customer.

NOBODY ever stands in the horse cars at Leavenworth, Kan. When a gentleman enters a car the nearest young lady rises and offers him her seat. She then sits in his lap, and both are satisfied.

THAT was a good, though rather a severe pun, which was made by a student in a theological seminary (and he was not one of the brightest of the class, either,) when he asked: "Why is Prof.—the greatest revivalist of the age?" and on all "giving it up" said "because at the end of every sermon there is a Great Awakening."

OUR PUZZLER.

24. DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

1. A southern sea, well known to fame, Though sometimes called by a different name;
2. And in the Scriptures we are told This man lived many centuries old.
3. A term in French that doth express Fatigue or downright weariness.
4. A regicide, and Frenchman, too, Whose deed his countrymen still rue.
5. A country full of treasures vast, In wealth and grandeur unsurpassed.
6. A seaport town on Gallia's coast, Which can but few attractions boast.
7. A Syrian city claims attention; Oft it most travelers make mention.

My finals will mention the name of a city, Whose fate has excited both sorrow and pity; My primals the country in which it is placed; Now study this riddle, and solve it in haste.

F. THOMPSON.

25. SQUARE WORDS.

1. An article of furniture; concerning; a blunder; dirty pelf; a useful drug.
2. Noble; a cheat; once more; French for nights; opaque.
3. The fruit of the vine; taxes; a chart; a vegetable; an English county.

F. T.

26. FEMALE NAMES HIDDEN.

Tis some years ago, come the last of December,

A large party reached or arrived at our farm; The hedges were frosted. I think I remember A dappled sky lent to a bright moon a charm. Art had decked the old kitchen; a log-fire was burning.

Truth bids me confess 'twas inviting to see; My rabbits were fed, and the maids finished churning, It leaves us an evening for pleasure and glee.

The Squire was prevented our merriment sharing— I dare say his charming niece came in his stead; Since long back a tender regard I was bearing That angel I named her whom my fancy fed.

There sat the old farmer, the gay scene enjoying; And now we made lines for a dance, standing all; But to finish my tale, the appendix employing, To bless that walk home with Squire's niece to the Hall.

B. A. IGGLESDEN.

ANSWERS.

19. DOUBLE ACROSTIC.—Punch. Mirth, thus:—Prim, Uri, Nestor, Cat, Hamish.

20. ANAGRAMS.—1. Albert Edward, the Prince of Wales. 2. Doctor G. Livingstone. 3. Mister Andrew Halliday. 4. Arthur Sketchley. 5. Sir Charles Dilke. 6. Baron de Rothschild. 7. Sir Edward Landseer. 8. His Royal Highness Prince Alfred. 9. William Ewart Gladstone. 10. Nicholas Patrick Wiseman.

21. CONUNDRUMS.—1. Because High men (Hymen) lived there. 2. Because there can be no puzzle without it.

22. SQUARE WORDS.—

1.	2.	3.
ACERB	TRUST	LATHE
CEDAR	RIDER	AERAS
EDUCE	UDINE	TRUSS
RACES	SENNE	HASTE
BREST	TREES	ESSEX

23. DOUBLE ACROSTIC.—Richard III., Shakespeare, thus:—RainS, IrisH, ClarA, HocK, AdorE, RicheS, Deep, ImaginE, ImposToR, InterposE.

(Continued from page 97.)

should be informed as to the terms of intimacy his daughter is on with a stranger."

Miss Moxton turned to leave the room, but Miss Howson sprang to the door before her and stopped her exit.

"Don't say anything to father to-night, auntie," she said. "Harry intends to tell him of our engagement to-morrow."

Miss Moxton made no reply, but with a scornful elevation of the nose succeeded in opening the door and securing her retreat.

Her absence was a very brief one for she quickly returned accompanied by Mr. Howson.

"My sister-in-law has given me some very unpleasant information; may I ask to have a few minutes' conversation with you in the library?" He bowed to Dr. Griffith and motioned him toward the door. The doctor did as requested, but paused for a moment to look at Miss Howson who was weeping on the sofa, and at Miss Moxton who was standing rigid in the centre of the room. As he opened the door the latter lady gave a vigorous toss of her head and said:

"I'm perfectly disgusted."

Mr. Howson's interview with Dr. Griffith was very short, and eminently unsatisfactory to that gentleman; in very plain and concise terms he refused his consent to his marriage with Annie, and desired that the engagement should be considered as broken. He politely, but firmly refused to listen to any explanation from the doctor and finally bowed that gentleman out before he had time to fully recover from his astonishment. The doctor returned to the parlor to get his hat and coat, and contrived to whisper to Miss Howson as he passed her:

"Remember, to-morrow night."

She answered with an inclination of her head, but so slight that neither of the two other occupants of the room noticed it. The doctor then bowed with rather excessive politeness to Miss Moxton, who only elevated her nose, and left the house.

Mr. Howson returned to the parlor and spoke to Miss Annie who was still lying on the sofa crying. He was not harsh with her, but very firm; in almost the same words he had used to Dr. Griffith he told her that he would not consent to her engagement.

"I know very little about the man," he said, "and nothing to his advantage; he seems to be an adventurer who is probably trying to marry you for the sake of the fortune he fancies he will get with you. I am sorry I did not undeceive him on that point, for you may as well understand that if you marry without my consent, you do so on your own responsibility, and not one cent of my fortune do you get. You will very seriously displease me if you have any further communication with this man; you have known him but a short while, and I do not think your feelings can be very deeply interested. I should like to see you married, but to some good man whom I know would take good care of you, not to some adventurer whose very name might not belong to him for all we know."

Mr. Howson seldom indulged in so long a speech, and his daughter knew him well enough to feel assured that it would be useless to remonstrate with him; he had "made up his mind," and when he had done that it was a very difficult thing to induce him to change it; perhaps, with Charlie Morton's help she might succeed, but if that failed she was fully determined to elope with the doctor. She had inherited some of her father's obstinacy, and her mind was as firmly made up to marry the doctor as his was to prevent her.

She said nothing, but before she went to bed that night she penned the following note which was delivered to Dr. Griffith next morning:

"DEAR HARRY

Father continues to refuse his consent. We will do without it. I will meet you at the depot at seven this evening; we can be married before we leave the city, can't we? It would be better I think.

ANNIE."

ACT IV.

ON THE TRACK.

SCENE I.

MR. HARWAY GETS KICKED OUT.

Time, September tenth, eighteen hundred and seventy; place, Dr. Griffith's office on Beaver Hall Hill.

That amiably disposed gentleman, Mr. Harway had not allowed so long a time to elapse before calling on Dr. Griffith, without having good reasons for so doing. He had watched the house at Longueuil for two or three days, and had formed an acquaintance with the smart little servant girl from whom he soon gained all the information it was in her power to give. From her he learned that Mrs. Griffith had resided in New York for some years with her husband; and, as he was determined to present as strong a case as possible to the doctor, he repaired to New York for the purpose of gathering, if he could, full particulars of the marriage, and to settle, if practicable the doubt which had arisen in his mind as to whether the lady who was called Mrs. Griffith in Longueuil was really Mamie Morton, or some one who bore the title "Mrs." only by courtesy.

It puzzled him rather to think that the doctor should contemplate so serious a crime as bigamy

with the evidence of his guilt so conveniently at hand; and he feared that after all he might be mistaken, and that the doctor may have told the truth when he said Mamie was dead, and that the lady at Longueuil may not have any claims on him which would prevent his marriage with Miss Howson; he, therefore, determined to gather all the facts possible relating to the case before making his demand on the doctor for the promised five hundred dollars.

His visit to New York had proved entirely successful, altho' it had taken him longer than he had anticipated. His sister had left the city and Bowles had gone on a voyage, as he discovered from the owners of the ships in which he was mate. After some time Mr. Harway succeeded in finding Mrs. Bowles, who was residing at Yonkers, and from her he learned where and when Mamie Morton had been married to Harry Griffith, and without much difficulty obtained a copy of the certificate of marriage; he also found out that the lady in Longueuil was undoubtedly the same who was saved from the wreck of the *Gazelle*, and married in New York six years ago, for Mrs. Bowles had seen her often, the last time only a few days before her de-

other, as if prepared for instant flight on the first hostile demonstration.

The dirty handkerchief was dirtier than ever and appeared to have been innocent of soap and water since we last saw Mr. Harway using it; he gave it a slight flourish now and polished his face a bit before addressing the doctor.

Griffith sat by the table smiling rather grimly at his visitor and apparently enjoying his surprise at his cool reception.

"So, you have really had the impudence to come back, after what I promised you. Well, what is your story now. You have found Mamie, I suppose?"

"Yes; she is living in Longueuil."

"That's a lie."

"I'm a perfect gentleman and as such I never tell a lie when the truth will do as well. I saw you with her with my own two eyes. I'm blessed if I didn't, ten days ago."

"Did you? Well you might have seen me in Longueuil some days ago with a lady whom I allowed to call herself Mrs. Griffith, a title she had no legal claim to; but how can you prove that that lady was Mamie Morton, or my wife." Bad as he was it cost him a pang to say this, and

depositing the delapidated hat on the floor and taking both hands to give his face a good polishing with the dirty handkerchief. "I'm blessed if you ain't killed her again."

"Killed her. Who says so?" shouted the doctor in so fierce a manner, and springing forward so suddenly that Mr. Harway made one desperate dive for the delapidated hat and, missing it, bolted bare-headed for the door. Once gaining this point of vantage, he stood half-in-half out of the room, holding the door with one hand so as to be able to close it at a moment's warning, and ventured to explain,

"You needn't cut up so rough, Doc., I didn't mean to say you had murdered the gal, of course not, you ain't such a fool as that; I mean you're trying to play off again that she's dead when she ain't. But it won't do," he continued gaining confidence and edging himself slightly towards the delapidated hat, "it won't do; I see your game plain now, and if you don't do the right thing by twelve o'clock to-morrow, I'll blow the whole story to Mr. Morton and Mr. Howson; they'll thank me, and pay me too, so you see it ain't no use cutting up rough, Doc., for if you don't come down with the dust right off, I'll let the cat out of the bag sure as my name is James Harway, and I'm a perfect gentleman and I never tell a lie when the truth will do as well."

He stooped, as he finished, to pick up the delapidated hat, with the evident intention of making a dignified and imposing exit; but the temptation of the bent figure was too great for Dr. Griffith and ere Mr. Harway had regained an upright position, the doctor's foot was raised and a vigorous and well directed kick sent the perfect gentleman head first into the hall way where he carromed on the hat rack and pocketed himself in the coal scuttle standing at the foot of the stairs, and lay a helpless mass, while the doctor stood over him glowering with rage, and looking very much as if he intended to repeat the operation.

"Will you?" he exclaimed fiercely, "then let me tell you that if you are not out of Montreal before to-morrow I will have you in jail for robbery and arson. I've been making inquiries too, and I've made discoveries as well as you, and I have discovered that Mr. James Harway is very badly wanted at Battleboro, Vt., to explain what he knows about breaking into the Bank there three months ago and setting fire to it. I've telegraphed for the detectives and they will be here to-morrow morning; so if you know what is good for you I would advise you to get out of this at once; it's no use trying to black mail me for I won't stand it, and your secret, as you call it, is worth nothing; if I really cared that Charlie Morton should not know that his sister only died three days ago instead of six years, as he supposes, would I have advertised her death in the papers where anybody can see it. You are a very shallow fool, my delapidated friend, and have overreached yourself by trying to be too smart. A week or ten days ago I might have been induced to buy you off, but now I am free and nothing will you get from me but hard words and harder blows. I have the cards in my own hand now and I mean to win, and when I say that, I am hard to beat."

He slammed the office door behind him and left Mr. Harway to pick himself up and leave the house the best way he could.

That gentleman did not, however, seem in a great hurry to leave, for he remained several seconds where he had fallen, wiping his face in a mechanical sort of way with the dirty handkerchief, and ejaculating occasionally,

"I'm blessed."

At last he rose, shook himself together a bit, put on the delapidated hat, brushed his boots with the dirty handkerchief as if to shake the dust from off his feet, and slowly left the house. Once safe on the sidewalk he paused a moment and shaking his fist at the house, said:

"This game ain't played out yet, Doc., and you don't hold as many trumps as you suppose; I'll have to clear out pretty sudden, that's evident, I don't want any detectives after me, but I'll fire a shot at you before I go that'll make you jump. Hard to beat, are you? Well so am I, plaguy hard, as you'll find out before I'm done with you. Kick me out, did you? I'll make that the worst kick you ever gave anybody as sure as I'm a perfect gentleman. I'm blessed," he continued, turning to go down the hill, "if I ain't as dry as a red hot stove, I must get a little cool, refreshing gin pretty soon, or I'll go off by spontaneous combustion."

The idea of so lamentable an occurrence seemed to animate him greatly and he started down the hill at a good pace.

(To be continued.)

We read in the *School Board Chronicle*: "It is generally known in educational circles that the teaching personnel of the mixed schools in the United States consists of both sexes. In many cases, indeed, the number of lady assistants has outnumbered that of the masters. I now gather from one of our Dutch contemporaries that the American example has for the first time been followed in Holland, where mixed education has been for years the rule instead of the exception. In one of the Dutch boroughs two ladies, daughters of common councilmen, have volunteered their services as school assistants, and the praiseworthy example of these ladies is likely to be soon followed by other spirited and respectable women in the country."

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"COME BACK TO IRELAND."—SEE PAGE 98.

parture for Montreal when she said she was going to meet her husband.

Mr. Harway did not enlighten his sister as to his reasons for being so inquisitive about Mrs. Griffith's affairs, but fully satisfied with the information he had gained, he returned to Montreal and wrote the letter we have already seen to Dr. Griffith. He had no fear that Mrs. Griffith would be taken away from Longueuil, for the smart little servant girl had informed him of the expected baby, and somehow it never occurred to him for a moment that she might die; it was, therefore, with a light heart and full confidence of success that he approached Dr. Griffith's office on the evening in question.

The doctor was out when he called, and Mr. Harway retired to a neighboring restaurant and regaled himself with liberal doses of cold gin and water until it was almost ten o'clock, when he returned to the doctor's office.

Dr. Griffith was in when he called the second time, but Mr. Harway could see at a glance that he was not in a very amiable mood; his brow was knitted and a dull passion shone in his eyes which showed that his temper was none of the mildest, and that it would be dangerous to trifle with him. He had not yet recovered from his interview with Mr. Howson, and he looked very much as if would like to have some object to vent his anger on. Mr. Harway noticed the look and instinctively kept near the door, remaining standing with the delapidated hat in one hand and the dirty handkerchief in the

he turned a little away as he spoke of Mamie as being his mistress.

"You're a deep one, Doc.," said Mr. Harway partially recovering his composure and advancing a little from his position near the door, "you're a deep one, but I think I can prove too many for you. You see, I thought you would try some such game as this, so I'm ready to answer all questions; for, I'm a perfect gentleman and it ain't polite to refuse to answer another gentleman's questions, if they are civilly put. I know you're married, for I saw the ceremony, and I've been to New York and have a copy of the certificate; I know it's Miss Morton you married, for I recognised her myself as the gal I saved, and my sister who saw her only two or three days before she left New York, will come on here and identify her. Oh, you're a deep one, Doc., but I eulchre you this time, for I've got both bowers and the ace, and I mean to play them unless you do the square thing."

"Do you? Play away, my delapidated friend, but you won't win. How long is it since you were in Longueuil?"

"About ten days."

"Then you have not seen this?" As he spoke he extended a copy of the *Star* for that evening to Mr. Harway who read, with astonishment, the following paragraph under the heading "Deaths":

"At Longueuil on 7th inst., Mrs. Mary Griffith, aged thirty-one."

"Well, I'm blessed!" exclaimed Mr. Harway,